AT THE

Court of KENSINGTON,

December the 3d, 1696.

PRESENT

The KING's Moſt Excellent Majeſty in COUNCIL.

UPON *the Humble Petitions of* N. Brady *and* N. Tate, *this Day read at the Board, ſetting forth, that the Petitioners have, with their utmoſt Care and Induſtry, compleated* A new Verſion of the Pſalms of David, in Engliſh Metre, fitted for Publick Uſe; *and humbly praying His Majeſty's Royal Allowance, that the ſaid Verſion may be uſed in ſuch Congregations as ſhall think fit to receive it:*

His Majeſty taking the ſame into his Royal Conſideration, is pleaſed to Order in Council, that the ſaid New Verſion of the Pſalms in Engliſh Metre, *be, and the ſame is hereby Allowed and Permitted to be uſed in all Churches, Chapels, and Congregations as ſhall think fit to receive the ſame.*

W. Bridgman.

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A

New Version

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Fitted to the

TUNES used in CHURCHES.

BY

N. BRADY, D.D. Chaplain in Ordinary,
AND
N. TATE, Esq; Poet-Laureat
} to His MAJESTY.

LONDON:

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PSALM I.

1 HOW bleſs'd is he who ne'er conſents
by ill Advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in Sinners ways, nor ſits
where Men prophanely talk:
2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Buſ'neſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.
3 Like ſome fair Tree, which fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
all his Deſigns attend.
4 Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
no laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd
like Chaff before the Wind.
5 Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb
before their Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then
among the Saints have place.
6 For God approves the Juſt Man's Ways,
to Happineſs they tend:
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WIth reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage
why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2 The Great in Counſel and in Might
their various Forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.
3 Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands?
preſumptuouſly they ſay:

No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
and caſt their Chains away.
4 But God, who ſits enthron'd on high,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength deſie,
and mocks their vain Deſign.
5 Thick Clouds of Wrath-divine ſhall break
on his Rebellious Foes;
And thus while he in Thunder ſpeak
to all that dare oppoſe:
6 " Tho' madly you diſpute my Will,
" the King that I ordain,
" Whoſe Throne is fix'd on *Sion*'s Hill,
" ſhall there ſecurely reign.
7 Attend, O Earth, whil'ſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd Decree;
" Thou art my Son, this day, my Heir,
" have I begotten thee.
8 " Ask, and receive thy full Demands,
" thine ſhall the Heathen be;
" The utmoſt Limits of the Lands
" ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.
9 " Thy threatning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
" and cruſh them every-where;
" As maſſy Barrs of Iron break
" the Potters brittle Ware."
10 Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear,
ye Judges of the Earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear,
rejoyce with awful Mirth.
12 Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.
13 If but in part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſs'd are thoſe whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

PSALM

PSALM III.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the Troublers of my Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore;
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.
3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
on thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet
lift up my Head on high.
4 Since, whenſoe'er in like Diſtreſs
to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill;
why ſhould I now deſpair?
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
my ſweet Repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in Safety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes
my Courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.
7 Ariſe, and ſave me, O my God,
who oft has own'd my Cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
he only can defend;
His Bleſſing he extends to all
that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O Lord that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give ear;
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs:
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.

2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame devise?
How long your vain Designs pursue,
and spread malicious Lyes?
3 Consider, that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4 Then stand in awe of his Commands,
flee every thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.
5 The place of other Sacrifice
let Righteousness supply;
And let your Hope, securely fix'd,
on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow,
more prosp'rous Times to see;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
shine brightly Lord, on me.
7 So shall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
more lasting and more true,
Than theirs who stores of Corn and Wine
successively renew.
8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Rest;
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence possest.

PSALM V.

1 LOrd, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
accept my secret Pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3 Thou in the Morn my Voice shalt hear;
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the Wrongs that I sustain
can'st never, Lord, approve,

Who

Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-place
all Evil do'ſt remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy view:
All ſuch as act unrighteous things,
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.
6 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd;
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood,
and in Deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws,
for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord make plain the way
wherein I ought to go.
9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
their Heart is ſet on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.
10 By their own Counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with loads of Sin;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoyce whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy Name.
12 To righteous Men, the righteous Lord
his Bleſſing will extend;
And with his Favour, all his Saints,
as with a Shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

1 THY dreadful Anger, Lord, reſtrain,
and ſpare a Wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be born.

2 Have Mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aking Bones,
which thou alone can'ſt cure.
3 My tortur'd Fleſh diſtracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief!
4 Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, repeat,
and eaſe my troubled Soul;
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercy's ſake,
vouchſafe to make me whole.
5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Priſ'ner of the ſilent Grave
can magnifie thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with groaning faint,
no hope of Eaſe I ſee;
The Night that quiets common Griefs,
is ſpent in Tears by me.
7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think
on my inſulting Foes.
8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye ſhall no more rejoyce;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and liſtens to my Voice.
9, 10 He hears and grants my humble Pray'r;
and they that wiſh my Fall,
Shall bluſh and rage, to ſee that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O Lord, my God, ſince I have plac'd
my Truſt alone in thee,
From all my Perſecutors Rage
do thou deliver me.
2 To ſave me from my threatning Foe,
Lord interpoſe thy Pow'r; Leſt,

Leſt, like a ſavage Lyon, he
my helpleſs Soul devour.
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
againſt his Peace combine;
Nay, If I have not ſpar'd his Life,
who ſought unjuſtly mine.
5 Let then to perſecuting Foes
my Soul become a Prey:
Let them to earth tread down my Life,
in Duſt my Honour lay.
6 Ariſe, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thy ſelf above my Foes,
and their inſulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my behalf,
the Judgment to diſpenſe,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.
7 So to thy Throne adoring Crouds
ſhall ſtill for Juſtice fly;
Oh! therefore, for their ſakes, reſume
the Judgment-ſeat on high.
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
According to my juſt Deſerts,
ſo let thy Sentence be.
9 Let wicked Arts and wicked Men
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the Juſt, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects; nor only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for thoſe
who from his Laws depart.
12 If they perſiſt, he whets his Sword,
his Bow ſtands ready bent;
13 E'en now with ſwift Deſtruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are ſent.

14 The Plots are fruitleſs, which my Foe
unjuſtly did conceive:
15 The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.
16 On his own Head his Spite returns,
whil'ſt I from Harm am free:
On him the Violence is fall'n
which he deſign'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow,
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heaven thy wond'rous Acts are ſung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant-Tongue,
thy boundleſs Praiſe declare:
Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng
that thee and thine oppoſe.
3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light:
4 What's Man (ſay I) that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Off-ſpring, that thou prov'ſt
to them ſo wond'rous kind?
5 Him next in Pow'r thou did'ſt create
to thy Celeſtial Train;
6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.
7 They joyntly own his pow'rful Sway,
The Beaſts that prey, or graze;

8 The

8 The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.
9 O thou, to whom all Creatures bow,
within this earthly Frame;
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wondrous Works declare.
2 The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High!
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in ſhameful flight:
Struck with thy Preſence, down they fell;
they periſh'd at thy ſight.
4 Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd,
thou did'ſt my Cauſe maintain;
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.
5 The Inſolence of Heathen Pride
thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their Wicked Off-ſpring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6 Miſtaken Foes! your haughty Threats
are to a Period come:
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd;
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh, or reward.
9 God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.

10 All those who have his Goodness prov'd,
will in his Truth confide;
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
11 Sing Praises therefore to the Lord,
from *Sion* his Abode
Proclaim his Deeds, 'till all the World
confess no other God.

PART II.

12 When he enquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to mind;
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint
relief from him shall find.
13 Take pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which spiteful Foes create,
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft
from Death's devouring Gate.
14 In *Sion* then I'll sing thy Praise,
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy saving Pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me
the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
are heedlesly betray'd.
16 Thus, by the just Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known,
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are shamefully o'erthrown.
17 No single Sinner shall escape,
by Privacy be obscur'd;
Nor Nation from his just Revenge,
by Numbers be secur'd.
18 His suff'ring Saints when most distrest,
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectation shall be crown'd,
tho' for a time delay'd.
19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome; Descend

Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.
20 Strike Terrour through the Nations round,
'till, by conſenting Fear,
They to each other, and themſelves,
but mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1 THY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord?
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face?
When diſmal Times of deep Diſtreſs
call for thy wonted Grace.
2 The wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey;
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
which they for others lay.
3 For ſtrait they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend;
And ſordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perverſely they commend.
4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves
their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
no thought of God remains.
5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight:
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd
are far above their ſight:
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State
ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all Misfortune free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curſes fill'd, and lyes;
By which the Miſchief of their Heart
they ſtudy to diſguiſe.
8 Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent, and Poor at once
to rifle and deſtroy.

9 Not

9 Not Lions couching in their Dens,
surprise their heedless Prey
With greater Cunning, or express
more savage Rage than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmless Man,
and modest Looks they wear;
That so deceiv'd, the Poor may less
their sudden Onset fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppression heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise;
stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatness of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.
13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boasting say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do,
"he never will repay."
14 But sure thou seest, and all their Deeds
impartially do'st try;
The Orphan therefore, and the Poor
on thee for Aid rely.
15 Defenceless let the Wicked fall,
of all their Srrength bereft:
Confound, O God, their dark Designs,
till no Remains are left.
16 Assert thy Just Dominion, Lord,
which shall for ever stand;
Thou who the Heathen did'st expel
from this thy chosen Land.
17 Thou do'st the humble Suppliants hear
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'st their Pray'r.
18 Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'st
the Fatherless and Poor; That

That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
may perſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SInce I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?
2 Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart,
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.
3 When once the firm Aſſurance fails
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for Innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Whence he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move.
5 If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
for Trial does correct;
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone on their Heads
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhowr;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup ſhall pour.
7 The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds
with ſignal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the Brightneſs of his Face.

PSALM XII.

1 SInce godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and faithful Friend.
2 One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe
what t'other does impart;

With

With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.
3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay,
"Our Tongues are ſure our own;
"With doubtful Words we will betray,
"and be controul'd by none."
5 For God, who hears the ſuff'ring Poor,
And their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe and give them Reſt,
in ſpite of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſhood be:
As is the Silver ſeven times try'd,
from droſſy Mixture free.
7 The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
ſhall reach the purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
he ever ſhall defend.
8 Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd,
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
Oh! never to return?
2 How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppreſs?
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?
3 Oh, hear! and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.

4 Re-

4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my Soul
to triumph in my Shame.
5 Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring.
6 Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee my God aſcend,
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs
ſuch Bounty did'ſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SUre, wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe
that God is nothing but a Name;
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
no Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heaven's high Tow'r
and all the Sons of Men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r;
if any Truth or Juſtice knew.
3 But all, he ſaw were gone aſide,
all were degen'rate grown, and baſe;
None took Religion for their Guide,
not one of all the ſinful Race.
4 But can theſe Workers of Deceit
be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown?
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
and God's Almighty Pow'r diſown?
5 How will they tremble then for fear,
when his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake?
For, to the Righteous, God is near,
and never will their Cauſe forſake.
6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expoſe
thoſe Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.
7 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break his People's ſervile Band; Then

Then Shouts of univerſal Joy
ſhould loudly echo through the Land.

PSALM XV.

1 LOrd, who's the happy Man, that may
to thy bleſt Courts repair;
Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
the thing his Heart diſproves.
3 Who never did a Slander forge,
his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
by Malice whiſper'd round.
4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.
Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
has ever firmly ſtood:
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs,
he makes his Promiſe good.
5 Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains
his Treaſure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.
The Man, who by his ſteady Courſe
has Happineſs enſur'd,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand,
by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PRotect me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm;
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy Almighty Arm.
2 My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but thee diſown;

Yet

Yet can no Deeds of mine requite.
the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.
3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the thing that's right,
To favour always and prefer
ſhall be my chief Delight.
4 How ſhall their Sorrow be increas'd,
who other Gods adore?
Their bloody Offerings I deteſt,
their very Names abhor.
5 My Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land
where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand;
'tis he ſupports my Throne.
6 In Nature's moſt delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands outvies.
7 Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Precepts give me Light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford,
in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
8 I ſtrive each Action to approve
to his All-ſeeing Eye:
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe he ſtill is nigh.
9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoyce;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe,
wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
the leaſt Corruption ſee.
11 Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
that to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without allay,
and Joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1 TO my juſt Plea and ſad Complaint,
attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.
2 As in thy ſight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be:
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.
3 For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day,
and viſited by Night;
And on the ſtricteſt Trial, found
its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit;
For I have purpos'd that my Tongue
ſhall no Offence commit.
4 I know what wicked Men would do,
their Safety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands
from bloody Paths reſtrain.
5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure,
O! guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.
6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
to thee my Pray'r addreſs'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my juſt Requeſt.
7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage,
Thou whoſe Right-hand preſerves thy Saints
from their Oppreſſors Rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt Care;
thy ſheltring Wing ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage Foes
that compaſs me about.

10. O'ergrown

10 O'ergrown with Luxury, enclos'd
in their own Fat they lie:
And with a proud blaſpheming Mouth
both God and Man defie.
11 Well may they boaſt; for they have now
my Paths encompaſs'd round;
With Eyes at watch, and Bodies bow'd
and couching on the Ground.
12 In poſture of a Lion ſet,
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
within a Covert-way.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots;
their ſwelling Rage controul:
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul;
14 From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portion's here below;
Who fill'd with earthly Stores, deſire
no other Bliſs to know;
15 Their Race is num'rous, that partake
their Subſtance while they live:
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.
16 But I, in uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view without controul:
And waking, ſhall its Image find
reflexed in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII.

1, 2 NO change of Times ſhall ever ſhock
my firm Affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been my Rock,
a Fortreſs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God,
my Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
at home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.

3 To thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
(to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe;)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with Seas of Sorrow compaſs'd round,
with dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
in Death's unwieldy Fetters bound,
6 To Heaven I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

7 When God aroſe my Part to take,
the conſcious Earth was ſtruck with fear;
The Hills did at his Preſence ſhake,
nor could they then his Fury bear.
8 Thick Clouds of Smoke diſperſt abroad,
Enſigns of Wrath before him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
that Coals were kindled at his Flame.
9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
whil'ſt Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet ſubſtantial Night
was like a ſable Carpet ſpread.
10 The Chariot of the King of Kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew
On a ſtrong Tempeſt's rapid Wings,
with moſt amazing Swiftneſs flew.
11, 12 Black watry Miſts and Clouds conſpir'd
with thickeſt Shades his Face to veil;
But, at his Brightneſs, ſoon retir'd,
and fell in Showrs of Fire and Hail.
13 Thro' Heav'ns wide Arch a thrundring Peal,
God's angry Voice, did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face, with heaps of Hail
and flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14 His

14 His ſharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
which made his ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts his nimble Lightnings flew,
and quickly finiſh'd their Defeat.
15 The Deep its ſecret Stores diſclos'd;
the World's Foundation naked lay;
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my ſide engage,
from Heav'n (his Throne) my Cauſe upheld,
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage
of threatning Waves that proudly ſwell'd.
17 God his reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd,
my ſtrongeſt Foes Attempts to break;
Who elſe with eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
the weak Defence that I could make.
18 Their ſubtle Rage had near prevail'd,
when I diſtreſt and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill, when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19 From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
he brought me forth, and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt Cauſe his Goodneſs found,
that mov'd him to delight in me.
20 Becauſe in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend;
My Hands are free from bloody Stains,
therefore the Lord is ſtill my Friend.
21, 22 For I his Judgments kept in ſight,
in his juſt Paths I always trod;
I never did his Statutes ſlight,
nor looſely wander'd from my God.
23, 24 But ſtill my Soul, ſincere and pure,
did e'en from darling Sins refrain;
His Favours therefore yet endure,
becauſe my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
to various Paths of Human-kind;
They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
with thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Juſt ſhall Juſtice ſhew,
the Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee;
Such as Perverſely chuſe to go,
ſhall meet with due Returns from thee.
27, 28 That he the humble Soul will ſave,
and cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might,
In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to Light.
29 On his firm Succour I rely'd,
and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, while he was on my ſide,
the beſt-defended Walls to ſcale.
30 For God's Deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed;
his Word will bear the utmoſt Teſt:
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
and on his ſure Protection reſt.
31 Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
but God on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
and all my juſt Deſigns fulfils;
Through him my Feet can ſwiftly run,
and nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.
34 Leſſons of War from him I take,
and manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with eaſe I break,
forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.
35 The Buckler of his Saving-health
protects me from aſſaulting Foes;
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill; my Wealth
and Greatneſs from his Bounty flows.

36 My

36 My Goings he enlarg'd abroad,
'till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And, when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
the Method of my Steps deſign'd.
37 Through him I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
and flying Squadrons Captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
'till I a final Conqueſt make.
38 Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spite of their boaſted Strength, they lie
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.
39 God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
ſubdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
40 Thro' him, the Neck of proſtrate Foes,
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs;
Aided by him, I root out thoſe
who hate and envy my Succeſs.
41 With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd,
but none was able to defend;
At length to God for Help they cry'd,
but God would no Aſſiſtance lend.
42 Like flying Duſt which Winds purſue,
their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round:
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
like loathſome Dirt that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43 Our Factious Tribes, at Strife 'till now,
by God's Appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
and foreign Nations own my Sway:
44 Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
when my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.
45 All to my Summons tamely yield,
or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd; C 4 For

For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
and ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd!
The Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt;
O'er higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
who me with his Salvation bleſs'd!
47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right,
his juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis He, that with reſiſtleſs Might,
fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues.
48 My univerſal Safeguard, He!
from whom my laſting Honours flow;
He made me great, and ſet me free
from my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.
49 Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
ſhall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe;
50 " God to his King Deliv'rance ſends;
" ſhews his Anointed ſignal Grace;
" His Mercy evermore extends
" to *David* and his promis'd Race.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill;
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
their great Creator's Skill.
2 The Dawn of each returning Day,
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
And from the dark Returns of Night
divine Inſtruction ſprings.
3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike by all Mankind.
4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
through Earth's extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.

5 No

5 No Bridegroom on his Nuptial-day
has ſuch a chearful Face;
No Giant does, like him, rejoyce
to run his glorious Race:
6 From Eaſt to Weſt, and Weſt to Eaſt,
his reſtleſs Courſe he goes;
And through his Progreſs, chearful Light
and vital Warmth beſtows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires;
with ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word
the Ignorant inſpires.
8 The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in ſearch of Truth,
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.
9 His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd.
10 Of more eſteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More ſweet than Honey, or the drops
that from the Comb diſtil.
11 My truſty Counſellers they are,
and friendly Warnings give:
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
who by thy Precepts live.
12 But what frail Man obſerves how oft
he does from Virtue fall?
O cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that know'ſt them all.
13 Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace, preſerv'd, I may
the great Tranſgreſſion flee.
14 So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be
with thy Acceptance bleſt; And

And I ſecure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, reſt.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
and hear thee in Diſtreſs;
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
and grant thy Arms Succeſs.
2 To aid thee from on High repair,
and Strength from *Sion* give;
3 Remember all thy Off'rings there,
thy Sacrifice receive.
4 To compaſs thy own Heart's Deſire
thy Counſels ſtill direct;
May kindly all Events conſpire
to bring them to effect.
5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid,
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd:
" the Lord accept thy Pray'r.
6 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our Sov'reign will defend,
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.
7 Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
on Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all, we call to mind
the Pow'r of God Moſt High.
8 But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold them through the Plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain.
9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,
the Pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall in thy Strength rejoyce;

With

With thy Salvation crown'd, ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
2 For thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only doſt impart,
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt
the Wiſhes of his Heart.
3 Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care
have all his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſett'ſt it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for Life; and thou, O Lord,
did'ſt to his Prayer attend,
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.
5 Thy ſure Defence through Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.
6 Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt.
and mak'ſt his Joys encreaſe,
Whil'ſt thou to him, unclouded, ſhew'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies;
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Wants ſupplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy dreadful Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.
9 When thou againſt him do'ſt engage,
thy juſt, but dreadful Doom,
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruine end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent;
But thou with watchful Care did'ſt ſtill
the ill Effects prevent.
12 While they their ſwift Retreat ſhall make,
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might;
Thy ſwifter Arrows ſhall o'ertake,
and gaul them in their flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy Fame;
Whil'ſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe
to thy Almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me
when I with Anguiſh faint?
Oh, why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?
2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to thee do I complain;
With Cryes implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.
3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd,
And therefore *Iſrael*'s Praiſes are
of right to thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
with pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.
7 With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
my Agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus, deriding, ſay,
8 "In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
"that he was Heav'ns Delight; "Let

" Let God come down to ſave him now,
" and own his Favourite.

PART II.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb
a living Off-ſpring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early Care.

10 Thou, Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from Wrongs
my helpleſs Infant-days;
And ſince has been my God and Guide,
through Life's bewilder'd Ways.

11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O ſend me help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.

12 High-pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
from *Baſan*'s Foreſt met,
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
have me around beſet.

13 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth
a yawning Grave appears;
The deſart Lion's ſavage Roar
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My Blood, like Water's ſpill'd, my Joints
are rack'd and out of frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.

15 My Strength, like Potter's Earth is parch'd,
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the ſilent Shades of Death
my fainting Soul withdraws.

16 Like Blood-hounds to ſurround me, they
in packt Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.

17 My Body's rack'd 'till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told:

Yet

11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
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They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.
17 My Body's rack'd 'till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told:

Yet

Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe,
as Paſtime they behold.
18 As Spoil, my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Veſture caſt;
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
and to my Succour haſte.
20 From their ſharp Sword protect thou me,
(of all but Life bereft!)
Nor let my Darling in the pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.
21 To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once, from goring Unicorns,
thou did'ſt my Life defend;
22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name,
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints
thy Glory thus proclaim;
23 " Ye Worſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
" all you of *Iſrael*'s Line,
" O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
" ſincere Obedience joyn.
24 " He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
" to caſt a gracious Eye,
" Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
" but hears its humble Cry.

PART IV.

25 Thus in thy ſacred Courts will I
my chearful Thanks expreſs,
In preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26 The meek Companions of my Grief
ſhall find my Table ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord, ſhall be
with Joys immortal fed.
27 Then ſhall the glad converted World
to God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth
one Sov'reign Lord obey.

28 'Tis

28 'Tis his ſupreme Prerogative
o'er Subject-Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.
20 The Rich who are with Plenty fed,
his Bounty muſt confeſs;
The Sons of Want, by him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bleſs.
With humble Worſhip to his Throne
they all for Aid reſort:
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.
30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race,
devoted to his Name,
To their admiring Heirs, his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the Mighty Lord,
vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd by whoſe conſtant Care
my Wants are all ſupply'd.
2 In tender Graſs he makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreſhing Water flows.
3 He does my wandring Soul reclaim,
and to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous Ways.
4 I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.
5 In preſence of my ſpiteful Foes
he does my Table ſpread,
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.
6 Since God does thus his wondrous Love
through all my Life extend; That

That Life to him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THis ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's;
the Lord's her Fulneſs is;
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign Right are his.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas,
and his Almighty Hand
Upon inconſtant Floods hath made
the ſtable Fabrick ſtand.
3 But for himſelf, this Lord of All,
one choſen Seat deſign'd;
O who ſhall to that Sacred Hill
deſir'd Admittance find?
4 The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure,
whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honeſt Poverty prefers
to gainful Perjury.
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
ſhall ſhowr his Bleſſings down,
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
with Righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes, that ſeek
the Face of *Jacob*'s God.
7 Erect your Heads, eternal Gates,
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory; ſee he comes
with his celeſtial Train.
8 Who is this King of Glory? who?
the Lord for Strength renown'd,
In Battle mighty, o'er his Foes
eternal Victor crown'd.
9 Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold
in ſtate, to entertain
The King of Glory; ſee he comes
with all his ſhining Train.

10 Who is the King of Glory? who?
the Lord of Hosts renown'd,
Of Glory he alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, 2 TO God in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
Oh, let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoyce.
3 Thoſe who on Thee rely,
let no Diſgrace attend:
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.
4, 5 To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way,
For thou art He that brings me Help;
on thee I wait all Day.
6 Thy Mercies and thy Love,
O Lord, recall to mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wer't ever, kind.
7 Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by thee;
And for thy wondrous Goodneſs ſake,
in Mercy think on me.
8 His Mercy and his Truth
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wandring Sinners Home,
and teaching them his Ways.
9 He thoſe in Juſtice guides
who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the Humble and the Meek.
10 Through all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts
to his bleſs'd Will incline.

PART II.

11 Since Mercy is the Grace
that moſt exalts thy Fame,
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide
in all his righteous Ways.
13 His quiet Soul with Peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt;
And by his num'rous Race the Land
ſucceſſively poſſeſt.
14 For God to all his Saints
his ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.
15 To him I lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare
which for my Feet was laid.
16 Oh, turn, and all my Griefs,
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.
17 The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sums encreaſe;
Oh, from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe!
18 Do thou with tender Eyes
my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
intirely ſet me free.
19 Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!
20 Protect, and ſet my Soul
from their fierce Malice free; Nor

Nor let me be asham'd, who place
my stedfast Trust in thee.
21 Let all thy righteous Acts
to full Perfection rise,
Because my firm and constant Hope
on thee alone relies.
22 To *Israel*'s Chosen Race
continue ever kind;
And in the midst of all their Wants,
let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUdge me, O Lord, for I the Paths
of Righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my Trust
repose on thee, my God.
2, 3 Search thou my Heart, whose Innocence
will shine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in view,
and made thy Truth my Guide.
4 I never for Companions took
the Idle or Prophane;
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
could e'er my Friendship gain.
5 I hate the busie plotting Crew,
who make distracted Times;
And shun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.
6 I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart so pure;
That when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome shall secure.
7, 8 My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell
how thy Renown excells:
That Seat affords me most Delight
in which thy Honour dwells.
9 Pass not on me the Sinners Doom,
who Murder makes their Trade;
10 Who others Rights by secret Bribes,
or open Force, invade.

11 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence pursue;
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In spite of all assaulting Foes,
I still maintain my Ground:
And shall survive amongst thy Saints,
thy Praises to resound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHom should I fear, since God to me
is Saving-health and Light?
Since strongly he my Life supports,
what can my Soul affright?
2 With fierce Intent my Flesh to tear,
when Foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their lofty Crests
were made to strike the Ground.
3 Through him, my Heart, undaunted, dares
with mighty Hosts to cope;
Through him, in doubtful Straits of War,
for good Success I hope.
4 Henceforth within his House to dwell
I earnestly desire,
His wondrous Beauty there to view,
and of his Will enquire.
5 For there may I with Comfort rest,
in Times of deep Distress,
And safe as on a Rock abide,
in that secure Recess;
6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty Foes
my lofty Head shall raise,
And I my joyful Tribute bring,
with grateful Songs of Praise.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
whene'er to thee I cry;
In Mercy my Complaints receive,
nor my Request deny.

8 When

8 When us to ſeek thy glorious Face
thou kindly do'ſt adviſe,
"Thy glorious Face I'll always ſeek,"
my grateful Heart replies.
9 Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
Nor me in Wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
thou did'ſt ſo oft protect.
10 Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too
their helpleſs Charge forſake,
Yet thou, whoſe Love excells them all,
wilt Care and Pity take.
11 Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord,
my Ways directly guide,
Leſt envious Men who watch my ſteps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel Foes,
defeat their ill Deſire,
Whoſe lying Lips and bloody Hands
againſt my Peace conſpire.
13 I truſted that my future Life
ſhould with thy Love be crown'd,
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk,
with Sorrow compaſs'd round.
14 God's Time with patient Faith expect,
who will inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength: Do thou thy Part,
and leave to Him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 O Lord my Rock, to thee I cry,
in Sighs conſume my Breath:
Oh, anſwer, or I ſhall become
like thoſe that ſleep in Death.
2 Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cryes that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes and lifted Hands
before thy Mercy-ſeat.
3 Let me eſcape the Sinners Doom,
who make a trade of Ill,

And ever ſpeak the Perſon fair,
whoſe Blood they mean to ſpill.
4 According to their Crimes extent,
let Juſtice have its courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they
have ſinn'd without Remorſe.
5 Since they the Works of God deſpiſe,
nor will his Grace adore,
His Wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy,
and build them up no more.
6 But I, with due Acknowledgment,
his Praiſes will reſound,
From whom the Cryes of my Diſtreſs
a gracious Anſwer found.
7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God, my Strength and Shield;
In him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant from the Field.
As he has made my Joys compleat,
'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus reſound his Praiſe:
8 " His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops
" that my Juſt Cauſe maintain;
" 'Twas he advanc'd me to the Throne,
" 'tis he ſecures my Reign. "
9 Preſerve thy Choſen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bleſs;
With Plenty proſper them, in Peace;
in Battle, with Succeſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1 YE Princes that in Might excell,
your grateful Sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
his wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
2 To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe,
devoutly due Reſpect afford;

Him

Him in his holy Temple praiſe,
where he's with ſolemn State ador'd.
3 'Tis he that with amazing Noiſe
the wat'ry Clouds in ſunder breaks;
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
when he from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
with what majeſtick Terror crown'd!
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,
and ſtrew their ſcatter'd Branches round.
6 They, and the Hills on which they grow,
are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds that Bounding go,
or Unicorns in youthful Play.
7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
and ſcatter'd Flames of Lightnings ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes,
and ſtubborn *Kadeſh* lowly bends.
9 He makes their Hinds to caſt their Young,
and leaves the Beaſts dark Coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his Courts belong,
ſecurely ſing his Praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on high;
his boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe:
His Saints with Strength he will ſupply,
and bleſs his Own with conſtant Peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'll celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
who did'ſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
my Foes inſulting Joy.
2, 3 In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to thee,
who kindly did'ſt relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeleſs Life retrieve.
4 Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,
with Songs of Praiſe repair,
With me commemorate his Truth
and providential Care.

5 His Wrath has but a Moment's reign,
his Favour no Decay;
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
with Joy's returning Day.
6 But I in proſp'rous Days preſum'd;
no ſudden Change I fear'd,
Whilſt in my Sun-ſhine of Succeſs
no lou'ring Cloud appear'd.
7 But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Truſt;
For when thou hid'ſt thy Face, I ſaw
my Honour laid in Duſt.
8 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd,
my Error I confeſs'd,
And thus with ſupplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne addreſs'd:
9 "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can ſilent Aſhes ſpeak thy Praiſe,
"thy wondrous Truth recite?
10 "Hear me, O Lord, in Mercy hear,
"thy wonted Aid extend;
"Do thou ſend Help, on whom alone
"I can for Help depend."
11 'Tis done! Thou haſt my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Inveſted me in Robes of State,
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe,
And, as thy Favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEfend me, Lord, from Shame,
for ſtill I truſt in thee;
As Juſt and Righteous is thy Name,
from Danger ſet me free.
2 Bowe down thy gracious Ear,
and ſpeedy Succour ſend; Do

Do thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.
3 Since Thou, when Foes oppreſs,
my Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs,
thy wonted Help impart.
4 Releaſe me from the Snare
which they have cloſely laid;
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
to thee alone for Aid.
5 To thee, the God of Truth,
my Life and all that's mine,
(For thou preſerv'dſt me from my Youth)
I willingly reſign.
6 All vain Deſigns I hate,
of thoſe that truſt in Lyes;
And ſtill my Soul, in ev'ry ſtate,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

7 Thoſe Mercies thou haſt ſhown
I'll chearfully expreſs;
For thou haſt ſeen my Straits, and known
my Soul in deep Diſtreſs.
8 When *Keilah*'s treach'rous Race
did all my Strength encloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger Space
to ſhun my watchful Foes.
9 Thy Mercy, Lord, diſplay,
and hear my juſt Complaint;
For both my Soul and Fleſh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
10 Sad Thoughts my Life oppreſs,
my Years are ſpent in Groans;
My Sins have made my Strength decreaſe,
and e'en conſum'd my Bones.
11 My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd,
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends at ſight of me were ſhock'd,
and fled as Men diſmay'd.

12 For

12 Forſook by all am I,
as dead and out of Mind;
And like a ſhatter'd Veſſel lie,
whoſe Parts can ne'er be joyn'd.
13 Yet ſland'ring Words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my Pow'r to dread,
Whil'ſt they together Counſel take
my guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.
14 But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
I on thy Help repoſe;
That thou, my God, art Good and Juſt,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wiſdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his Fall.
16 The Brightneſs of thy Face,
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And, as thy Mercies ſtill encreaſe,
preſerve me from my Foes.
17 Me from Diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on Thee;
Let that, and Silence in the Grave,
the Sinner's Portion be.
18 Do thou their Tongues reſtrain,
whoſe Breath in Lyes is ſpent;
Who falſe Reports with proud Diſdain
againſt the Righteous vent.
19 How great thy Mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy Name!
Which thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
do'ſt to the World proclaim.
20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy ſight,
from proud Oppreſſors ſtee:
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
they are preſerv'd by Thee.
21 With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever bleſs'd; Whoſe

Whoſe Love in *Keilah*'s well-fenc'd Town
was wondrouſly expreſs'd!
22 I ſaid in haſty Flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes;
Yet ſtill thou keep'ſt me in thy ſight,
and heard'ſt my earneſt Cryes.
23 O all ye Saints, the Lord
with eager Love purſue;
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
and give the Proud their due.
24 Ye that on God rely,
couragiouſly proceed:
For he will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
with Strength, in time of Need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd
no more in Judgment to appear;
2 Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
and whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
my Bones conſum'd without Relief;
All Day did I with Anguiſh roar,
but no Complains aſſwag'd my Grief.
4 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
by Day and Night alike Diſtreſt;
'Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
Like Land with Summer's Drought oppreſt.
5 No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
6 True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek thee whil'ſt thou may'ſt be found;
They, from the common Deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſeleſs Sinners drown'd.
7 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
my Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own;

Thou

Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.
8 In my Inſtruction then confide,
you that would Truth's ſafe Path deſcry,
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful Eye.
9 Submit your ſelves to Wiſdom's Rule,
like Men that Reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horſe and Mule,
whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.
10 Sorrows on Sorrows multiply'd
the harden'd Sinner ſhall confound;
But them who in his Truth confide,
Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.
11 His Saints that have perform'd his Laws,
their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ:
Let them (as they alone have cauſe)
in grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joys
their chearful Voices raiſe,
For well the Righteous it becomes
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.
2, 3 Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lute
in joyful Conſort meet;
And new-made Songs of loud Applauſe
the Harmony compleat.
4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God,
his Works with Truth abound;
He Juſtice loves, and all the Earth
is with his Goodneſs crown'd.
6 By his Almighty Word at firſt
the heav'nly Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light
at his Command appear'd.
7 The ſwelling Floods together roll'd,
he makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Store-houſe ſafe,
the Watry Treaſures by.

8, 9 Let

8, 9 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
before him trembling ſtand:
For when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made,
'twas fix'd at his Command.
10 He, when the Heathen cloſely plot,
their Counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes
the People's raſh Deſigns.
11 Whate'er the Mighty Lord decrees,
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure:
The ſettled Purpoſe of his Heart
to Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom he from all the World beſides
has choſen for his own!
13, 14, 15 He all the Nations of the Earth,
from Heav'n his Throne ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts,
by him their Hearts were made.
16, 17 No King is ſafe by mighty Hoſts,
their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horſe, by Force or Speed,
his warlike Rider ſaves:
18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him,
beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Soul from Death; their Want,
in time of Dearth, ſupplies.
20, 21 Our Soul on God with Patience waits,
our Help and Shield is he!
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoyce,
becauſe we truſt in thee.
22 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh,
on thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THro' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart and Tongue employ.
2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
'till all that are diſtreſt,
From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to reſt.
3 O magnifie the Lord with me;
with me exalt his Name:
4 When in Diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my Reſcue came.
5 Their drooping Hearts were ſoon refreſh'd,
who look'd to him for Aid;
Deſir'd Succeſs in ev'ry Face
a chearful Air diſplay'd.
6 "Behold (ſay they,) behold the Man
"whom Providence reliev'd;
"The Man ſo dang'rouſly beſet,
"ſo wond'rouſly retriev'd!"
7 The Hoſts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his Succour truſt.
8 Oh, make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How bleſs'd they are, and only they,
who in his Truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye Saints, and ye will then
have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his Service your Delight,
your Wants ſhall be his Care.
10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye Piously-dispos'd,
and my Instruction hear,
I'll teach you the true Discipline
of his religious Fear.
12 Let him who Length of Life desires,
and prosp'rous Days would see,
13 From sland'ring Language keep his Tongue,
his Lips from Falshood free.
14 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways pursue:
Establish Peace where 'tis begun;
and where 'tis lost, renew.
15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Just
with favourable Eyes;
And when distress'd, his gracious Ear
is open to their Cryes:
16 But turns his wrathful Look on those
whom Mercy cann't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.
17 Deliv'rance to his Saints he gives,
when his Relief they crave:
18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit save.
19 The Wicked oft, but still in vain,
against the Just conspire:
20 For under their Affliction's weight
he keeps their Bones entire.
21 The Wicked from their wicked Arts
their Ruin shall derive;
Whil'st righteous Men, whom they detest,
shall them and theirs survive.
22 For God preserves the Souls of those
who on his Truth depend;
To them and their Posterity
his Blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXV.

1 AGainſt all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my Right;
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage,
do thou my Battles fight.
2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up, my God, in my Defence,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.
3 Bring forth thy Spear, and ſtop their Courſe
that haſte my Blood to ſpill;
Say to my Soul, "I am thy Health,
"and will preſerve the ſtill."
4 Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er
who my Deſtruction ſought;
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe,
be to Confuſion brought.
5 Then ſhall they flie, diſpers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind:
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6 And when through dark and ſlipp'ry Ways
they ſtrive his Rage to ſhun,
His vengeful Miniſters of Wrath
ſhall goad them as they run.
7 Since, unprovok'd by any Wrong,
they hid their treach'rous Snare,
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit
did cauſeleſsly prepare;
8 Surpriz'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own Arts betray'd,
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net
which they for me had laid.
9 Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name
for this Deliv'rance bleſs,
And, by his Saving-health ſecur'd,
a grateful Joy expreſs.
10 My very Bones ſhall ſay, O Lord,
who can compare with Thee? Who

Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs Man
from ſtrong Oppreſſors free?

PART II.

11 Falſe Witneſſes, with forg'd Complaints,
againſt my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge ſuch Things they laid
as I had ne'er deſign'd.
12 The Good which I to them had done
with Evil they repaid;
And did, by Malice undeſerv'd,
my harmleſs Life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick,
I ſtill in Sackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and faſted, and my Pray'r
to my own Breaſt return'd.
14 Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief,
a Mother's Loſs deplore.
15 How different did their Carriage prove,
in Times of my Diſtreſs?
When they in Crowds together met,
did ſavage Joy expreſs.
The Rabble too in mighty Throngs,
by their Example came,
And ceas'd not with reviling Words
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.
16 Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lyes,
Did gnaſh their Teeth, and ſland'ring Jeſts
maliciouſly deviſe.
17 But Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
on my behalf appear;
And ſave my guiltleſs Soul, which they
like rav'ning Beaſts will tear.

PART III.

18 So I before the liſtning World,
ſhall grateful Thanks expreſs;

And where the great Aſſembly meets,
thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.
19 Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs Foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open Joy, or ſecret Signs,
to mock my ſad Eſtate.
20 For they with Hearts averſe from Peace,
induſtriouſly deviſe
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds
to forge malicious Lies.
21 Nor with theſe private Arts content,
aloud they vent their Spite;
And ſay, "At laſt we found him out,
"he did it in our ſight."
22 But thou, who do'ſt both them and me
with righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.
23 Stir up thy ſelf, in my behalf
to Judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.
24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
Let me thy Juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they deſign'd.
25 O let them not amongſt themſelves
in boaſting Language ſay,
"At length our Wiſhes are compleat,
"at laſt he's made our Prey."
26 Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoyc'd,
for ſhame their Faces hide;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
that proudly me defy'd:
27 Whilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
Succeſs his Saints attend.

28 So ſhall my Tongue thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy:
And chearful Hymns in Praiſe of thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art
his wicked Purpoſe would diſguiſe;
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
he ne'er ſets God before his Eyes.
2 He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from ſight,
ſecure he thinks his treach'rous Game;
'Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
there falſe Contriver brand with Shame:
3 In Deeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
whilſt with his Tongue he ſpeaks me fair:
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
and Vice has ſole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice ſpends the Night
in forging his accurs'd Deſigns;
His obſt'nate unregen'rate Spite
no execrable Means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,
above the heav'nly Orb aſcends;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
beyond the ſpreading Sky extends.
6 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains;
unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains,
the whole Creation is thy Care.
7 Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,
with what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt,
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
and Saints to thy Protection truſt!
8 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
to banquet on thy Love's Repaſt,
And drink, as from a Fountain's head,
of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.
9 With Thee the Springs of Life remain,
thy Preſence is eternal Day; E 2 10 O!

10 O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
to upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.
11 Whilſt Pride's inſulting Foot would ſpurn,
and wicked Hand my Life ſurprize:
12 Their Miſchiefs on themſelves return;
down, down they're fallen, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked Men grow Rich or Great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State,
thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe;
2 For they, cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.
3 Depend on God, and him obey;
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
ſecure from Danger, and from Want:
4 Make his Commands thy chief Delight,
And he, thy Duty to requite,
ſhall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.
5 In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful Help afford
to perfect every juſt Deſign;
6 And make, like Light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
and as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.
7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
nor let thy Anger fondly riſe:
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
which they maliciouſly deviſe.
8 From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake,
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime:
9 For God ſhall ſinful Man Deſtroy,
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
who truſt on him, and wait his time.

10 How

10 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
nor by the ſtricteſt ſearch be found:
11 Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoycing ſtill with godly Mirth,
with Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12 Whilſt ſinful Crouds with falſe Deſign,
Againſt the righteous Few combine,
and gnaſh their Teeth, and threatning ſtand;
13 God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride:
he ſees their Ruin near at Hand.
14 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
and Men of upright Lives to ſlay:
15 But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd Weapons mortal Stroke
thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its Way.
16 A little with God's Favour bleſt,
And by one righteous Man poſſeſt,
the Wealth of many Bad excels;
17 For God ſupports the Juſt Man's Cauſe;
But as for thoſe that break his Laws,
their unſucceſsful Pow'r he quels.
18 His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides;
their Portion ſhall for ever laſt:
19 They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and e'en in Dearth
the happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.
20 Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
who proudly dare God's Will oppoſe;
Deſtruction is there hapleſs Share:
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they
Shall in an Inſtant melt away,
and vaniſh into Smoke and Air.

PART III.

21 Whilſt Sinners brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
the Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give;
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs:
and thoſe he curſes, ſhall not live.
23 The good Man's Way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright
of him that moves by his Command;
24 Though he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd,
for God upholds him with his Hand.
25 From my firſt Youth, 'till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
26 Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Off-ſpring's Wealth encreaſe.
27 With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Way with Zeal proceed,
and ſo prolong your happy Days:
28 For God who Judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
while ſoon the wicked Race decays.
29, 30, 31 The Upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land,
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand;
his Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves,
therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies
In vain the Righteous to ſurprize;
in vain his Ruin does decree;
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his Revenge expos'd, but ſave;
and when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.

34 Wait

34 Wait ſtill on God, keep his Command,
And thou exalted in the Land,
thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhall quit:
The Wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal Tragedy
thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.
35 The Wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
And like a Bay-tree freſh and green,
that ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round:
36 But he was gone as ſwift as Thought,
And though in ev'ry Place I ſought,
no Sign or Track of him I found.
37 Obſerve the Perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as Upright are;
their rougheſt Days in Peace ſhall end:
38 While on the Latter-End of thoſe
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
a common Ruin ſhall attend.
39 God to the Juſt will Aid afford,
Their only Safeguard is the Lord;
their Strength in Times of Need is He:
40 Becauſe on him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
and from the Wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 THY chaſtning Wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
though I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.
3 My Fleſh is one continued Wound,
thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt
my Bones have no Repoſe.
4 My Sins that to a Deluge ſwell.
my ſinking Head o'erflow;

And for my feeble Strength to bear
too vaſt a Burthen grow.
5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's juſt Return,
6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part;
8 With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes
all my Deſires appear;
And ſure my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10 My Hearts oppreſt, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
11 Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.
12 Mean while the Foes that ſeek my Life,
their Snares to take me ſet;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day
to forge ſome new Deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd:
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe Tongue
with conſcious Guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.
16 "Hear me, ſaid I, leſt my proud Foes
"a ſpiteful Joy diſplay;
"Inſulting, if they ſee my Foot
"but once to go aſtray.
17 And with continual Grief oppreſt
to ſink I now begin:

18 To

18 To thee, O Lord, I will confeſs,
to thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boaſt;
And they that hate me without Cauſe
are grown a dreadful Hoſt.
20 E'en they, whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindneſs with Deſpite
And are my Enemies, becauſe
I chuſe the Path that's right.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart;
22 Make haſte to my Relief, O Thou
who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 REſolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in awe;
I curb'd my haſty Words, when I
the Wicked proſp'rous ſaw.
2 Like one that's dumb I ſilent ſtood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good Diſcourſe; but that Reſtraint
increas'd my inward Pain.
3 My Heart did glow with working Thoughts,
and no Repoſe could take,
'Till ſtrong Reflexion fann'd the Fire,
and thus at length I ſpake:
4 Lord, let me know my term of Days,
how ſoon my Life will end;
The num'rous Train of Ills diſcloſe
which this frail State attend.
5 My Life, thou know'ſt, is but a Span,
a Cypher ſums my Years;
And ev'ry Man in beſt Eſtate
but Vanity appears.
6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd. 7 Why

7 Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys
with anxious Care attend?
On thee alone, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my Sins, nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by Thee.
10 The dreadful Burthen of thy Wrath
in Mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail Fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy Load ſhould prove.
11 For when thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like Cloth
by fretting Moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
and liſten to my Pray'r,
Who ſojourn like a Stranger here,
as all my Fathers were.
13 O ſpare me yet a little time,
my waſted Strength reſtore,
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord,
'till he vouchſaf'd a kind Reply;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
2 He took me from the diſmal Pit,
when founder'd deep in miry Clay;
On ſolid Ground he plac'd my Feet,
and ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray.
3 The Wonders he for me has wrought,
ſhall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praiſe;
And others to his Worſhip brought,
to hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
4 For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward,
who on th' Almighty Lord relies; Who

Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
and hates the Hycocrite's Diſguiſe.
5 Who can the wondrous Works recount,
which thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?
The Treaſures of thy Love ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thought.
6 I've learn'd, that Thou haſt not deſir'd,
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd,
for Man's Tranſgreſſions to atone.
7 I therefore come —— come to fulfil
the Oracles thy Books impart:
8 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9 In full Aſſemblies I have told
thy Truth and Righteouſneſs at large;
Nor did, thou know'ſt, my Lips with-hold
from utt'ring what thou gav'ſt in Charge.
10 Nor kept within my Breaſt confin'd
thy Faithfulneſs, and ſaving Grace,
But preach'd thy Love, for all deſign'd,
that all might that, and Truth embrace.
11 Then let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy Loving-kindneſs my Reward,
thy Truth my ſafe Protection be.
12 For I with Troubles am diſtreſt,
too numberleſs for me to bear;
Nor leſs with loads of Guilt oppreſt,
that plunge and ſink me to Deſpair.
As ſoon, alas! may I recount
the Hairs on this afflicted Head;
My vanquiſht Courage they ſurmount,
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near,
for never was more preſſing Need!

In

In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear;
and add to that Deliv'rance, Speed.
14 Confuſion on their Heads return,
who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.
15 Their Doom let Deſolation be,
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
and Sport of my Affliction made.
16 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face
to joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace
with me reſound, *The Lord be prais'd.*
17 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,
of me th' Almighty Lord takes Care:
Thou, God, who only can'ſt reſtore,
to my Relief with ſpeed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAppy the Man, whoſe tender Care
relieves the Poor diſtreſt;
When Troubles compaſs him around,
the Lord ſhall give him Reſt.
2 The Lord his Life, with Bleſſings crown'd,
in Safety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the Will of thoſe
that ſeek to do him Wrong.
3 If he in languiſhing Eſtate
oppreſt with Sickneſs lye,
The Lord will eaſy make his Bed,
and inward Strength ſupply.
4 Secure of this, to thee my God
I thus my Pray'r addreſs'd;
" Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
" tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd. "
5 My cruel Foes with ſland'rous Words
attempt to wound my Fame;
" When ſhall he die, (ſay they) and Men
" forget his very Name? "

6 Sup-

6 Suppoſe they formal Viſits make,
'tis all but empty Show;
They gather Miſchief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.
7, 8 With private Whiſpers, ſuch as theſe,
to hurt me they deviſe,
"A ſore Diſeaſe afflicts him now,
"he's fall'n, no more to riſe."
9 My own familiar Boſom-Friend
on whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe daily Gueſt he was,
with open Scorn defy'd.
10 But thou my ſad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard;
And raiſe me up, that all their Crimes
may meet their juſt Reward.
11 By this, I know, thy gracious Ear
is open when I call;
Becauſe thou ſuff'reſt not my Foes
to triumph in my Fall.
12 Thy tender Care ſecures my Life
from Danger and Diſgrace;
And thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious Face.
13 Let therefore *Iſrael*'s Lord and God
from Age to Age be bleſs'd;
And all the Peoples glad Applauſe
with loud *Amen's* expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
when heated in the chaſe,
So longs my Soul, O God, for thee,
and thy refreſhing Grace.
2 For thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty Soul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy Face,
thou Majeſty Divine!
3 Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus
inſulting Foes upbraid, "De-

" Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God?
" and where his promis'd Aid?"
4 I ſigh, whene'er my muſing Thoughts
those happy Days preſent,
When I with Troops of pious Friends
thy Temple did frequent;
When I advanc'd with Songs of Praiſe,
my ſolemn Vows to pay,
And led the joyful ſacred Throng
that kept the Feſtal Day.
5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
truſt God, who will employ
His Aid for thee, and change theſe Sighs
to thankful Hymns of Joy.
6 My Soul's caſt down, O God, but thinks
on thee, and *Sion* ſtill;
From *Jordan*'s Bank, from *Hermon*'s Heights,
and *Mizar*'s humbler Hill.
7 One Trouble calls another on,
and gathering o'er my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, 'till round my Soul
a roaring Sea is ſpread.
8 But when thy Preſence, Lord of Life,
has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To thee I'll midnight Anthems ſing,
and all my Vows perform.
9 God of my Strength, how long ſhall I
like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my Oppreſſor's Scorn.
10 My Heart is pierc'd as with a Sword,
whilſt thus my Foes upbraid;
" Vain Boaſter, where is now thy God?
" and where his promis'd Aid?"
11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
hope ſtill, and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of him who is thy God,
thy Health's Eternal Spring.

PSALM

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, againſt my Foes
do thou aſſert my injur'd Right:
O ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2 Since thou art ſtill my only Stay,
why leav'ſt thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
whilſt me inſulting Foes oppreſs?
3 Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt,
be theſe my Guides to lead the way,
'Till on the Holy Hill I reſt,
and in thy ſacred Temple pray.
4 Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
to God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall all my grateful Hours employ.
5 Why then caſt down, my Soul, and why
ſo much oppreſs'd with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely,
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs:
2 How thou to plant them here, did'ſt drive
the Heathen from this Land;
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.
3 For, not their Courage nor their Sword
to them Poſſeſſion gave;
Nor Strength, that from unequal Force
their fainting Troops could ſave:
But thy right-hand, and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd,
Thy Preſcence with the choſen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.

4 As Thee their God our Fathers own'd,
thou art our Sov'reign King;
O therefore, as thou didſt to them,
to us Deliv'rance bring.
5 Thro' thy victorious Name, our Arms
the proudeſt Foe ſhall quell,
And cruſh them with repeated Strokes,
as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
7 But Thee, who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8 To Thee the Triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came;
In God we will rejoyce all Day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9 But thou haſt caſt us off, and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our Armies to the Field.
10 Since when, to every upſtart Foe
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt,
who bear us ancient Spite.
11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall like Sheep
into their butch'ring Hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive
diſperſt thro' Heathen Lands.
12 Thy People thou haſt ſold for Slaves,
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace, may grow.
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
the Heathen's By-word grown,
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech
and mocking Geſtures ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind, my Face
in conſcious Shame I hide; 16 While

16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd
by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

17 On us this Heap of Woe is fall'n;
all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name;
or Faith to thee abjur'd.
18 But in thy Righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care;
19 Tho' thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
on other Gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crime deſcry?
22 Thou ſeeſt what Suff'rings for thy Sake
we ev'ry Day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep
appointed to be ſlain.
23 Awake, ariſe; let ſeeming Sleep
no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who ſue to thee,
for ever ſue in vain.
24 O wherefore hideſt thou thy Face
from our afflicted State?
25 Whoſe Souls and Bodies ſink to Earth
with Grief's oppreſſive Weight.
26 Ariſe, O Lord, and timely Haſte
to our Deliv'rance make;
Redeem us, Lord,——if not for our's,
yet for thy Mercy's Sake.

PSALM XLV.

1 WHile I the King's loud Praiſe rehearſe,
endited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2 How matchleſs is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows;

Becauſe freſh Bleſſings God on thee
eternally beſtows.
3 Gird on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince,
and clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
Majeſtick Pomp diſplay.
4 Ride on in State, and ſtill protect
the Meek, the Juſt, the True;
Whilſt thy Right-hand with ſwift Revenge
does all thy Foes purſue.
5 How ſharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Pow'r deſpiſe,
Down, down they fall, while through their Heart
the feather'd Arrow flies.
6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Scepter's Sway ſhall always laſt,
by righteous Laws ſecure.
7 Becauſe thy Heart, by Juſtice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove.
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oyl of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy Fellows round
advanc'd thy lofty Head.
8 With Caſſia, Aloes, and Myrrh
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which from the ſtately Wardrobe brought,
ſpread grateful Odours round.
9 Among the Honourable Train
did Princely Virgins wait,
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
in Golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10 But thou, O Royal Bride, give ear,
and to my Words attend;
Forget thy Native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.

11 So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his Love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord,
to him due Rev'rence pay.
12 The *Tyrian* Matrons rich and proud
ſhall humble Preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue
thy Favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's fairer Soul
all inward Graces fill,
Her Raiment is of pureſt Gold,
adorn'd with coſtly Skill.
14 She in her nuptial Garment dreſs'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
ſhall to the King be brought.
15 With all the State of ſolemn Joy
the Triumph moves along,
Till with wide Gates the Royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.
16 Thou, in thy Royal Father's Room,
muſt princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'ſt ſend
to govern and protect:
17 Whilſt this my Song to future Times
tranſmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the World, with one Conſent,
thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs,
A preſent Help when Dangers preſs;
In him undaunted we'll confide:
2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Center toſt,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
4 A gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
the Royal Seat of God moſt High:

5 God dwells in *Sion*, whoſe fair Towers
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of Earthly Pow'rs
while his Almighty Aid is nigh.
6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
he thunder'd and diſpers'd their Pow'rs.
7 The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
our Fathers Guardian-God and ours.
8 Come ſee the Wonders he hath wrought,
On Earth what Deſolation brought,
how he has calm'd the jarring World:
9 He broke the Warlike Spear and Bow;
With them their thund'ring Chariots too
into devouring Flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway,
For him the Heathen ſhall obey,
and Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs.
11 The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tower of Refuge in Alarms,
as to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2 O All ye People, clap your Hands,
and with triumphant Voices ſing,
No Force the mighty Power withſtands,
of God, the univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
and with Succeſs our Battles fight:
Shall fix the Place where we muſt dwell,
the Pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
with Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound;
To him repeated Praiſes ſing,
and let the chearful Song go round,
7, 8 Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown,
for him who all the World commands:
Who ſits upon his Righteous Throne,
and ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

9 Our

9 Our Chiefs and Tribes that far from hence
to ſerve the God of *Ab'ram* came,
Found him their conſtant ſure Defence,
how great and glorious is his Name?

PSALM XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd,
In *Sion*, on whoſe happy Mount
his ſacred Throne is rais'd.
2 Her Tow'rs the Joy of all the Earth,
with beauteous Proſpect riſe:
On her North-ſide the Almighty King's
Imperial City lies.
3 God in her Palaces is known,
his Preſence is her Guard.
4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Succeſs deſpair'd.
5 They view'd their Walls, admir'd and fled,
with Grief and Terror ſtruck,
6 Like Women whom the ſudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When Fleets from *Tarſhiſh* wealthy Coaſts,
by Eaſtern Winds are torn.
8 In *Sion* we have ſeen perform'd
a Work that was foretold;
In pledge that God, for times to come,
his City will uphold.
9 Not in our Fortreſſes and Walls
did we, O God, confide,
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
in which thou doſt reſide.
10 According to thy Sov'reign Name,
thy Praiſe through Earth extends,
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Juſtice guides,
chaſtiſes or defends.
11 Let *Sion's* Mount with Joy reſound,
her Daughters all be taught.

In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compaſs her Walls in ſolemn Pomp,
your Eyes quite round her caſt,
Count all her Tow'rs, and ſee if there
you find a Stone diſplac'd.
13 Her Forts and Palaces ſurvey,
obſerve their Order well;
That, with Aſſurance to your Heirs,
this Wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilſt we in him confide;
Who, as he has preſerv'd us now,
till Death will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2 LET all the liſt'ning World attend,
and my Inſtruction hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Conſent give Ear:
3 My Mouth with ſacred Wiſdom fill'd,
ſhall good Advice impart,
The ſound Reſult of prudent Thoughts,
digeſted in my Heart.
4 To Parables of weighty Senſe
I will my Ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful Harp I ſing
dark Words of deep Deſign.
5 Why ſhould my Courage fail in Times
of Danger and of Doubt?
When Sinners, that would me ſupplant,
have compaſs'd me about?
6 Thoſe Men that all their Hope and Truſt
in Heaps of Treaſure place,
And boaſt and triumph when they ſee
their ill-got Wealth increaſe;
7 Are yet unable from the Grave
Their deareſt Friend to free;
Nor can by Force or Bribes reverſe
th' Almighty Lord's Decree. 8, 9 Their

8, 9 Their vain Endeavours they muſt quit,
the Price is held too high;
No Sums can purchaſe ſuch a Grant,
that Man ſhould never die.
10 Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and in Death
their Wealth to others leave.
11 For tho' they think their ſtately Seats
ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall;
But their Remembrance laſt in Lands
which by their Names they call;
12 Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their State;
With Beaſts their Memory and they
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13 How great their Folly is who thus
abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children unreclaim'd,
repeat the groſs Miſtake.
14 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;
Their Beauty while the Juſt rejoyce,
within the Grave ſhall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my Soul,
and from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
and to himſelf receive.
16 Then fear not thou when worldly Men
in envy'd Wealth abound;
Nor tho' their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe,
with State and Honour crown'd.
17 For when they're ſummon'd hence by Death,
they leave all this behind;
No Shadow of their former Pomp
within the Grave they find;
18 And yet, they thought their State was bleſt,
caught in the Flatt'rers Snare,

Who with their Vanity comply'd,
and prais'd their worldly Care.
19 In their Forefathers Steps they tread,
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Ancestors and they
in endless Darkness lie.
20 For Man, how great soe'er his State,
unless he's truly wise,
As, like a sensual Beast he lives,
so, like a Beast he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his Summons all abroad,
from dawning Light till Day declines:
The listning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,
where Beauty in Perfection shines.
3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd Silence as before,
but wasting Flames before him send:
Around shall Tempests fiercely rage,
While he does Heav'n and Earth engage
his just Tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Assemble all my Saints to me
(Thus runs the great Divine Decree)
that in my lasting Cov'nant live,
And Off'rings bring with constant Care,
(The Heavens his Justice shall declare,)
for God himself shall Sentence give.
7 Attend my People; *Isr'el*, hear;
Thy strong Accuser I'll appear;
thy God, thy only God am I;
8 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple slain,
my sacred Altar did supply.
9 Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
nor He-goat from thy Fold accept:

10 The Foreſt Beaſts that range alone,
The Cattle too are all my own,
that on a Thouſand Hills are kept.
11 I know the Fowls that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and ſalvage Beaſts
that looſely haunt the open Fields.
12 If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
ſince the World's mine, and all it yields.
13 Think'ſt thou that I have any need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
to eat their Fleſh and drink their Blood?
14 The Sacrifices I require,
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
and Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.
15 In Time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
and thou returns of Praiſe ſhalt make.
16 But to the Wicked, thus ſaith God,
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?
17 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,
and of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak.
18 When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
and with Adult'rers didſt partake.
19 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight;
Thy Tongue by Envy mov'd and Spight,
deceitful Tales does hourly ſpread:
20 Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lies confound
the Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.
21 Theſe Things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with Silence and with Love;
till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
and ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes. 22 Mark

22 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
Whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own.
23 Who praiſes me, due Honour gives,
And to the Man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1 HAve Mercy, Lord, on me,
as thou wert ever kind:
Let me, oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
2, 3 Waſh off my foul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.
4 Againſt Thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy Sight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgment right.
5 In Guilt each Part was form'd
of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.
6 Yet thou whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In ſecret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws
my tender Soul inſpire.
7 With Hyſſop purge me, Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by thee.
8 Make me to hear with Joy,
thy kind forgiving Voice,
That ſo the Bones which thou haſt broke,
may with freſh Strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying Sin,
nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy Help,
nor caſt me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
its everlaſting Flight;
12 The Joy thy Favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.
13 So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart;
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.
14 My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.
15 Do thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd and Shame:
So ſhall my Mouth thy wondrous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.
16 Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious Eye:
17 A broken Spirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By him a broken contrite Heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.
18 Let *Sion* Favour find,
of thy good Will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.
19 The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt kind,
upon thy Altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſt'ſt thy ſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his Favour ſtill.
2 Thy wicked Tongue does ſland'ring Tales,
maliciouſly deviſe;
And ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lies.
3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill than Good,
on Lies than Truth emyloy'd;
Thy Tongue delights in Words by which
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.
5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World to ſtay.
6 The Juſt with pious Fear ſhall ſee
the Downfal of thy Pride;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy Fall deride.
7 " See there the haughty Man that wars,
" who proudly God defy'd,
" Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
" on wicked Arts rely'd.
8 But I am like thoſe Olive-Plants,
that ſhade God's Temple round;
And hope with his indulgent Grace
to be for ever crown'd.
9 So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God,
extol thy wond'rous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait,
for this thy Saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1 THE wicked Fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe
that God is but a Name;
This groſs Miſtake their Practice ſhows,
ſince Virtue all diſclaim.

2 The Lord look'd down from Heaven's high (Tow'r
the Sons of Men to view;
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
or Truth or Juſtice knew.
3 But all, he ſaw, were backwards gone,
degen'rate grown and baſe;
None for Religion car'd, not One
of all the ſinful Race.
4 But are thoſe Workers of Deceit,
ſo dull and ſenſleſs grown,
That they like Bread my People eat,
And God's juſt Pow'r diſown?
5 Their cauſleſs Fears ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd; his Hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd Bones abroad.
6 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break our ſervile Band,
Loud Shouts of univerſal Joy
ſhould eccho through the Land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 LOrd, ſave me for thy glorious Name,
and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cauſe; accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.
3 Mere Strangers whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me deſign'd;
And cruel Men that fear no God,
againſt my Soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes Part with all my Friends;
and he's the ſureſt Guard;
The God of Truth ſhall give my Foes,
their Falſhoods due Reward.
6 While I my grateful Off'ring bring,
and Sacrifice with Joy;
And in his Praiſe my Time to come
delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs
the Lord has ſet me free; Through

Through him ſhall I of all my Foes
the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

PSALM LV.

1 GIve Ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn,
thy glorious Face away.
2 Attend to this my ſad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.
3 Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud,
how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'ring Tongues, with wrathful Hate,
againſt my Fame engage.
4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſs'd;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round,
with Horror quite oppreſs'd.
6 How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
and in wild Deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſt away.

PART II.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide;
For, through the City my griev'd Eyes
have Strife and Rapine ſpy'd.
10 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk their conſtant Round;
And in the midſt of all their Strength,
are Grief and Miſchief found.
11 Whoe're through ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
with freſh Diſorders meet;

Deceit

Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts
maintain in ev'ry Street.
12 For 'twas not any open Foe
that falſe Reflections made;
For then I could with Eaſe have born
the bitter Things he ſaid:
'Twas none who Hatred had profeſt
that did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn my ſelf
from his malicious Eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend,
whom tend'reſt Love did join;
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
15 Sure Vengeance equal to their Crimes,
ſuch Traitors muſt ſurprize;
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills,
they wickedly deviſe!
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
and he my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends
my Righteous Cauſe defend.
19 For he who was my Help of old,
ſhall now his Suppliant hear;
And puniſh them whoſe proſp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties!
21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oyl,
and yet like Swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and he ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant
the Wicked ſtrive in vain.
23 My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood,
ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I for Health and Length of Days
on Thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO Thou, O God, in Mercy help,
for Man my Life purſues;
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
2 Continually my ſpiteful Foes
to ruin me combine;
Thou ſeeſt, who ſitt'ſt enthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join.
3 But tho' ſometimes ſurpriz'd by Fear,
(on Danger's firſt Alarm)
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm.
4 God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and truſting him,
the Arm of Fleſh defy.
5 They wreſt my Words, and make 'em ſpeak
a Senſe they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all, with reſtleſs Spite,
on my Deſtruction bent.
6 In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay,
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait
to make my Soul their Prey.
7 Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O Righteous God ariſe;
Let thy juſt Wrath, (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chaſtiſe.
8 Thou numbreſt all my Steps ſince firſt
I was compell'd to flee; My

My very Tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſter'd by Thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd that God
my righteous Cauſe will own.
10, 11 I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe
the Force that Man can raiſe:
12 To Thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to Thee I'll render Praiſe:
13 Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death;
and Thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life Thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure:
That thus protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy,
And in the Service of my God
my length'ned Days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haſte,
Till this outragious Storm is paſt.
2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge and God moſt high,
Who Wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.
3 From Heav'n protect me by thine Arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Harm;
To my Relief thy Mercy ſend,
And Truth on which my Hopes depend;
4 For I with ſalvage Men converſe,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce,
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears, their Words
Invenom'd Darts and two-edg'd Swords.
5 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
Till Thou art here as there obey'd.

6 To take me they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd,
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.
7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful Tribute to preſent,
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe
To thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſe.
8 Awake, my Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.
9 Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound,
To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
10 Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11 Be Thou, O God, exalted High;
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPeak, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if juſt your Sentence be,
Or, muſt not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n from your Decree!
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
alike by Malice ſway'd:
Your griping Hands by weighty Bribes
to Violence betray'd.
3 To Virtue, Strangers from the Womb;
their Infant Steps went wrong:
They prattled Slander, and in Lies
emyloy'd their liſping Tongue.
4 No Serpent of parch'd *Africk*'s Breed
does ranker Poiſon bear;
The drowſy Adder will as ſoon
unlock his ſullen Ear.
5 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
as Adders they remain;

From

From whom the skilful Charmer's Voice
can no Attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r:
Diſarm theſe growing Lions Jaws,
e'er practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their Inſolence, at height,
like ebbing Tides be ſpent;
Their ſhiver'd Darts deceive their Aim
when they their Bow have bent.
8 Like Snails let them diſſolve to Slime;
like haſty Birth become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and dead within the Womb.
9 E'er Thorns can make the Fleſhpots boil,
tempeſtuous Wrath ſhall come
From God, and ſnatch 'em hence, alive,
to their eternal Doom.
10 The Righteous ſhall rejoyce to ſee
their Crimes ſuch Vengeance meet,
And Saints in Perſecutors Blood
ſhall dip their harmleſs Feet.
11 Tranſgreſſors then with Grief ſhall ſee
juſt Men Rewards obtain;
And own a God whoſe Juſtice will
the guilty Earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DEliver me, O Lord my God,
from all my ſpiteful Foes;
In my Defence oppoſe thy Pow'r
to theirs who me oppoſe.
2 Preſerve me from a wicked Race
who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorſeleſs Men
who ſeek my Blood to ſpill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
againſt my Life combine:
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'ſt
for no Offence of mine.

4 In Haſte they run about and watch
my guiltleſs Life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my Diſtreſs,
and to my Help awake!
5 Thou, Lord of Hoſts, and *Iſr'el*'s God,
their Heathen Rage ſuppreſs;
Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe
like growling Dogs they meet;
While others through the City range
and ranſack ev'ry Street.
7 Their Throats envenom'd Slander breathe,
their Tongues are ſharpen'd Swords;
Who hears (ſay they) or hearing dares
reprove our lawleſs Words?
8 But from thy Throne thou ſhalt, O Lord,
their baffled Plots deride;
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe
their boaſted Heathen Pride.
9 On Thee I wait, 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend,
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canſt defend.
10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
from Danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my Wiſhes, and ſubdue
my haughty Foes to me.
11 Deſtroy them not, O Lord, at once,
reſtrain thy vengeful Blow,
Leſt we, ingratefully, too ſoon
forget their Overthrow.
Diſperſe them through the Nations round
by thy avenging Pow'r;
Do thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.
12 Now in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chaſtiſe;

Whoſe

Whoſe Tongues have ſinn'd without Reſtraint,
and Curſes join'd with Lies.
13 Nor ſhalt thou whilſt their Race endures,
thine Anger, Lord, ſuppreſs,
That diſtant Lands, by their juſt doom,
may *Iſr'el*'s God confeſs.
14 At Ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt
like growling Dogs to meet,
Still wander all the City round,
and traverſe ev'ry Street.
15 Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let them ſtray,
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey.
16 Whilſt early I thy Mercy ſing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confeſs;
For thou haſt been my ſure Defence,
my Refuge in Diſtreſs.
17 To Thee with never ceaſing Praiſe,
O God my Strength, I'll ſing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety ſpring.

PSALM LX.

1 O God who haſt our Troops diſperſt,
Forſaking thoſe who left Thee firſt;
As we thy juſt Diſpleaſure mourn,
To us in Mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand;
O heal the Breaches thou haſt made,
We ſhake, we fall, without thy Aid!
3 Our Folly's ſad Effects we feel,
For drunk with Diſcord's Cup we reel,
4 But now for them who Thee rever'd,
Thou haſt thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5 Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect;
Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct.
6 The Holy God has ſpoke, and I
O'er-joy'd on his firm Word rely.

To Thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair *Sichem*'s Soil, *Samaria*'s Pride,
To *Sichem*, *Succoth* next I'll join,
And measure out her Vale by Line:
7 *Manasseth*, *Gilead*, both subscribe
To my Commands, with *Ephraim*'s Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms supports my Cause,
And *Judah* by religious Laws.
8 *Moab* my Slave and Drudge shall be,
Nor *Edom* from my Yoke get free;
Proud *Palestine*'s imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
9 But who shall quell these mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to *Edom*'s Tow'rs?
Or through her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that does to Conquest lead?
10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispersst
Our Troops (for we forsook Thee first)
Those whom thou didst in Wrath forsake,
Aton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do thou our fainting Cause sustain,
For human Succours are but vain.
12 Fresh Strength and Courage God bestows;
'Tis he treads down our proudest Foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 LOrd, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
which I oppress with Grief,
2 From Earth's remotest Parts address
to Thee for kind Relief.
O lodge me safe beyond the Reach
of persecuting Pow'r,
3 Thou who so oft from spiteful Foes,
hast been my shelt'ring Tow'r.
4 So shall I in thy sacred Courts
secure from Danger lie;
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.
5 In sign my Vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy Chosen reign;

6 O bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life
the King thou didſt ordain.
7 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
accepted in thy Sight,
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
in his Defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe,
thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous Days to pay
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII.

1, 2 MY Soul for Help on God relies,
from him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies
to bear the Shock of all my Foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my Fall;
which will but haſten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending Wall,
or Fence of uncemented Stone.
4 To make my envy'd Honours leſs,
they ſtrive with Lies, their chief Delight;
For they, who with their Mouths they bleſs,
in private curſe with inward Spite.
5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
on him alone thy Truſt repoſe;
My Rock and Health will Strength ſupply
to bear the Shock of all my Foes.
7 God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
and flowing Bleſſings daily ſend;
He is my Fortreſs and Defence,
on him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In him, ye People, always truſt,
before his Throne pour out your Hearts,
For God the Merciful and Juſt,
his timely Aid to us imparts.
9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail,
the Great diſſemble and betray;

And laid in Truth's impartial Scale,
the lighteſt Things will both outweigh.
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive Ways,
by Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe,
be ſet too much upon your Gain.
11 For God has oft his Will expreſs'd,
and I this Truth have fully known;
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd,
belongs of Right to God alone.
12 Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
in which he chiefly takes Delight;
Yet will he all the human Race
according to their Works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O God, my gracious God, to Thee
My Morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be,
for Thee my thirſty Soul does pant;
My fainting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
where I refreſhing Waters want.
2 O to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r reſtore
which thy majeſtick Houſe diſplays:
3 Becauſe to me thy wondrous Love,
Than Life it ſelf does dearer prove,
my Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.
4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy
In bleſſing God I will employ,
with lifted Hands adore his Name!
5 My Soul's Content ſhall be as great,
As theirs who choiceſt Dainties eat,
while I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.
6 When down I lie ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my Mind,
and when I wake in dead of Night;
7 Becauſe thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing,
I reſt with Safety and Delight. 8 My

8 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to Thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
in her Support is daily ſhown:
9 But thoſe the Righteous Lord ſhall ſlay
That my Deſtruction wiſh; and they
that ſeek my Life ſhall loſe their own.
10 They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie:
but God ſhall fill the King with Joy;
11 Who Thee confeſs ſhall ſtill rejoice,
Whilſt the falſe Tongue and lying Voice,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LOrd, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
to my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2 O hide me with thy tend'reſt Care
in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe,
and all their Plots defeat.
3 See how intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues, like Swords,
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Darts,
ſharp Lies and bitter Words!
4 Lurking in private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.
5 To carry on their ill Deſigns,
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt Diligence and Care
their wicked Plots they lay;
The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts
are only to betray.
7 But God, to Anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful Bow ſhall bend, And

And on his flying Arrow's Point,
ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their Crimes diſclos'd, ſhall make them be
deſpis'd and ſhunn'd by all.
9 The World ſhall then God's Pow'r confeſs,
and Nations trembling ſtand,
Convinc'd that 'tis the mighty Work
of his avenging Hand.
10 Whilſt righteous Men, whom God ſecures,
in him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning Earth ſhall hear,
loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR Thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe
In *Sion* waits, thy choſen Seat;
Our promis'd Altars we will raiſe,
and there our zealous Vows compleat.
2 O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r
didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To Thee ſhall all Mankind repair,
and at thy gracious Throne appear.
3 Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
to ſtop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt theguilty St ain,
and waſheſt out the crimſon Die.
4 Bleſt is the Man who near Thee plac'd,
within thy ſacred Dwelling lives!
Whilſt we at humbler Diſtance taſte
the vaſt Delights thy Temple gives.
5 By wond'rous Acts, O God, moſt juſt,
have we thy gracious Anſwer found;
In Thee remoteſt Nations truſt,
and thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.
6, 7 God by his Strength ſets faſt the Hills,
and does his matchleſs Pow'r engage,
With which the Sea's loud Waves he ſtills,
and angry Crouds tumultuous Rage. *PART*

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay
when they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they ſee the Night and Day;
each other's Track by Turns purſue.
9 From out thy unexhauſted Store
thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground:
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
with Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.
10 On riſing Ridges down it pours,
and ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle Show'rs,
in which a bleſt Increaſe diſtills.
11 Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year
with freſh Returns of Plenty crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
thy fruitful Clowds drop Fatneſs down.
12 They drop on barren Forreſts, chang'd,
by them to Paſtures freſh and green;
The Hills about in order rang'd
in beauteous Robes of Joy are ſeen.
13 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
the chearful Downs; the Vallies bring
A plenteous Crop of full ear'd Corn,
and ſeem for Joy to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the Lands with ſhouts of Joy
to God their Voices raiſe;
Sing Pſalms in Honour of his Name,
and ſpread his glorious Praiſe.
3 And let them ſay, How dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art Thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall all be forc'd to bow.
4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
ſhall Thee their God confeſs;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
of thy great Name expreſs.

5 O come, behold the Works of God,
and then with me you'll own,
That he to all the Sons of Men
has wond'rous Judgments ſhown.
6 He made the Sea become dry Land,
thro' which our Fathers walk'd;
Whilſt to each other of his Might
with Joy his People talk'd.
7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
his Eyes the World ſurvey;
Let no preſumptuous Man rebel
againſt his Sov'reign Sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O all ye Nations, bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his Praiſe;
Who keeps our Souls alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt Ways.
10 For thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try the precious Ore;
11 Thou brought'ſt us into Straits, where we
oppreſſing Burthens bore.
12 Inſulting Foes did us, their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chaſe;
But yet at laſt thou brought'ſt us forth
into a Wealthy Place.
13 Burnt-off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring,
and there my Vows will pay,
14 Which I with ſolemn Zeal did make
in Trouble's diſmal Day.
15 Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt Rams ſhall fall;
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall.
16 O come all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful Care;
Whilſt I what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.
17, 18 As I before his Aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe his Name; Who

Who if my Heart has harbour'd Sin,
would all my Pray'rs diſclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
his gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt
with conſtant Love attend.
20 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away.

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
on all thy Saints to ſhine.
2 That ſo thy wond'rous Ways
may through the World be known;
Whilſt diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.
3 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
with Joy and pious Mirth,
For Thou, the Righteous Judge and King,
ſhalt govern all the Earth.
5 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground
a large Increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
which God, our God, beſtows.
7 Then God, upon our Land
ſhall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r,
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand
of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

PSALM

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of Battle riſe,
and ſcatter his preſumptuous Foes;
Let ſhameful Rout their Hoſt ſurprize,
who ſpitefully his Pow'r oppoſe.
2 As Smoak in Tempeſt's Rage is loſt,
or Wax into the Furnace caſt,
So let their ſacrilegious Hoſt
before his wrathful Preſence waſte.
3 But let the Servants of his Will
his Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;
Their upright Hearts let Gladneſs fill,
and chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
4 To him your Voice in Anthems raiſe,
Jehovah's awful Name he bears;
In him rejoyce, extol his Praiſe,
who rides upon high rowling Spheres.
5 Him from his Empire of the Skies
to this low World Compaſſion draws,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
and judge the injur'd Widows Cauſe.
6 'Tis God, who, from a foreign Soil,
reſtores poor Exiles to their Home;
Makes Captives free, and fruitleſs Toil,
their proud Oppreſſors righteous Doom.
7 'Twas ſo of old, when thou didſt lead
in Perſon, Lord, our Armies forth,
Strange Terrors through the Deſart ſpread,
Convulſions ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd Earth.
8 The breaking Clouds did Rain diſtil,
and Heavens high Arches ſhook with Fear,
How then ſhould *Sinai*'s humble Hill
of *Iſrael*'s God the Preſence bear?
9 Thy Hand at famiſh'd Earth's Complaint,
reliev'd her from celeſtial Stores;
And when thy Heritage was faint,
aſſwag'd the Drought with plenteous Show'rs.
10 Where Savages had rang'd before,
at Eaſe thou mad'ſt our Tribes reſide; And

And in the Deſart for the Poor,
thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'ſt the Word, we ſally'd forth,
and in that pow'rful Word o'ercame,
While Virgin-Troops with Songs of Mirth
in State our Conqueſt did proclaim.
12 Vaſt Armies, by ſuch Gen'rals led,
as yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forſook their Camp with ſudden Dread,
and to our Women left the Spoil.
13 Tho' *Egypt*'s Drudges you have been,
your Army's Wings ſhall ſhine as bright
As Doves in golden Sunſhine ſeen,
or ſilver'd o'er with paler Light.
14 'Twas ſo when God's Almighty Hand
o'er ſcatter'd Kings the Conqueſt won;
Our Troops drawn up on *Jordan*'s Strand,
high *Salmon*'s glittering Snow out-ſhone.
15 From thence to *Jordan*'s farther Coaſt,
and *Baſhan*'s Hill we did advance:
No more her Height ſhall *Baſhan* boaſt,
but that ſhe's God's Inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
ſhould this, O Mountains, ſwell your Pride?
For *Sion* is his choſen Seat,
Where he for ever will reſide.
17 His Chariots numberleſs, his Pow'rs
are heavenly Hoſts, that wait his Will;
His Preſence now fills *Sion*'s Tow'rs
as once it honour'd *Sinai*'s Hill.
18 Aſcending high, in Triumph Thou
Captivity hath Captive led,
And on thy People didſt beſtow,
the Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.
Ev'n Rebels ſhall partake thy Grace,
and humble Proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy Dwelling Place,
and all the World pay Homage there. 19 For

19 For Benefits, each Day beſtow'd,
be daily his great Name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,
of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.
21 But Juſtice for his harden'd Foes
proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of thoſe
who in preſumptuous Crimes proceed.
22 The Lord has thus, in Thunder, ſpoke;
" As I ſubdu'd proud *Baſhan*'s King,
" Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
" and from the Deep my Servants bring.
23 " Their Feet ſhall with a crimſon Flood,
" of ſlaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er,
" Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood,
" but leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore.

PART III.

24 When marching to thy bleſt Abode,
the wond'ring Multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous State of Thee our God,
in Robes of Majeſty array'd.
25 Sweet ſinging *Levites* led the Van,
loud Inſtruments brought up the Rear;
Between both Troops a Virgin-train
with Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.
26 This was the Burden of the Song,
" In full Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord,
" All, who to *Iſr'el*'s Tribes belong,
" the God of *Iſr'el*'s Praiſe record.
27 Nor little *Benjamin* alone
from Neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,
Nor only *Judah*'s nearer Throne,
her Counſellors in State did ſend;
But *Zebulon*'s remoter Seat,
and *Nepthali*'s more diſtant Coaſt
(The grand Proceſſion to compleat)
ſent up their Tribes, a princely Hoſt.

28 Thus

28 Thus God to Strength and Union brought
our Tribes, at Strife till that bleſt Hour.
This Work which thou, O God, haſt wrought,
confirm with freſh Recruits of Pow'r.
29 To viſit *Salem*, Lord, deſcend;
and *Sion*, thy terreſtrial Throne:
Where Kings with Preſents ſhall attend,
and Thee with offer'd Crowns atone.
30 Break down the Spearmen's Ranks, who threat
like pamper'd Herds of ſavage Might;
Their Silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
who in deſtructive War delight.
31 *Egypt* ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
her Hands, and *Africk* Homage bring:
32 The ſcatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
their common Sov'reign's Praiſes ſing.
33 Who mounted on the loftieſt Sphere
of antient Heav'n ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,
like that of warring Winds and Tides.
34 Aſcribe ye Power to God moſt High,
of humble *Iſr'el* he takes Care;
Whoſe Strength, from out the dusky Sky,
darts ſhining Terrors through the Air.
35 How dreadful are the ſacred Courts
where God has fix'd his earthly Throne?
His Strength his feeble Saints ſupports;
to God give Praiſe, and him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAve me, O God, from Waves that rowl,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
2 With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3 With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaint;
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.

4 My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me purſue
With groundleſs Hate, grown now of might
To execute their lawleſs Spite.
They force me guiltleſs to reſign,
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.
5 Thou, Lord, my Innocence doſt ſee;
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.
6 Lord God of Hoſts, take timely Care,
Leſt for my ſake thy Saints deſpair:
7 Since I have ſuffer'd for thy Name
Reproach, and hid my Face in Shame.
8 A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my neareſt Kindred known;
A Foreigner expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother born.
9 For Zeal to thy lov'd Houſe and Name
Conſumes me like devouring Flame;
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,
More than at Slanders caſt on me.
10 My very Tears and Abſtinence
They conſtrue in a ſpiteful Senſe.
11 When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their Sake,
They me their common Proverb make.
12 Their Judges at my Wrongs do jeſt,
Thoſe Wrongs they ought to have redreſt!
How then ſhould I expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?
13 But, Lord, to Thee, I will repair
For Help, with humble timely Pray'r;
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store,
Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Pow'r.
14 From threatning Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.
15 Controul the Deluge e'er it ſpread,
And roul its Waves above my Head;

Nor

Nor deep Deſtruction's open Pit,
To cloſe her Jaws on me permit.
16 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending Goodneſs ſake;
Relieve thy Supplicant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.
17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face;
Make haſte, for deſp'rate is my Caſe;
18 Thy timely Succour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs Foes.
19 Thou know'ſt what Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have born;
Nor can their cloſe diſſembled Spite,
Or darkeſt Plots eſcape thy Sight.
20 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart,
I look'd for ſome to take my Part,
To pity or relieve my Pain;
But (look'd alaſs!) for both in vain!
21 With Hunger pain'd, for Food I call;
Inſtead of Food they gave me Gall;
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They gave me Vinegar to drink.
22 Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth;
23 Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes,
And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurprize.
24 On them thou ſhalt thy Fury pour,
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour;
25 And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
26 For new Afflictions they procur'd,
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn
To bleed afreſh with ſharper Scorn.
27 Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.
28 From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names enroll.

29 But me howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore:
30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice:
32 Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like Redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the Poor's Complaint,
Sets Pris'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint:
34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raiſe,
And all the World reſound his Praiſe.
35 For God will *Sion*'s Walls erect,
And *Judah*'s Cities ſtill protect;
'Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair
To undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion there.
36 This Bleſſing they ſhall, at their Death,
To their religious Heirs bequeath;
And they to endleſs Ages more,
Of ſuch as his bleſt Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O Lord, to my Relief draw near;
for never was more preſſing Need:
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2 Confuſion on their Heads return,
who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
inſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.
3 Their Doom let Deſolation be,
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
and Sport of my Affliction made.
4 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face,
to joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace
with me ſhall ſing, *The Lord be prais'd.*
5 Thus wretched, tho' I am, and poor,
the mighty Lord of me takes care; Thou,

Thou, God, who only can'ſt reſtore,
to my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 IN Thee I put my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
defend me, Lord, from Shame;
Incline thine Ear, and ſave my Soul,
for righteous is thy Name.
3 Be thou my ſtrong abiding Place,
to which I may reſort;
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me ſafe,
thou art my Rock and Fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men
protect and ſet me free;
For from my earlieſt Youth till now
my Hope has been in Thee.
6 Thy conſtant Care did ſafely guard
my tender Infant-Days;
Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb
to ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.
7, 8 While ſome on me with Wonder gaze,
thy Hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy Honour therefore and thy Praiſe
my Mouth ſhall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
when I with Age decay;
Forſake me not, when, worn with Years,
my Vigour fades away.
10 My Foes, againſt my Fame and me,
with crafty Malice ſpeak,
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.
11 His God, ſay they, forſakes him now,
on whom he did rely;
Purſue and take him whilſt no Hope
of timely Aid is nigh.
12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,
for ſpeedy Help I call;

13 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes
that ſeek to work my Fall.
14 But as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall on thy Pow'r depend,
And I in grateful Songs of Praiſe
my Time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous Acts and ſaving Health
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare:
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care.
16 While God vouchſafes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on:
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.
17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my Youth
to praiſe thy glorious Name;
And ever ſince thy wond'rous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.
18 Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey, and feeble grown;
Till I to theſe and future Times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.
19 How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which thou haſt done!
who may with Thee compare?
20 Me whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt Depth of Woe
with tender Care retrieve.
21 Thro' Thee my Time to come ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd,
And me, who diſmal Years have paſt,
thy Comforts ſhall ſurround;
22 That I with Pſaltery and Harp,
thy Truth, O Lord, may praiſe;
To Thee the God of *Jacob*'s Race,
my Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23 Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Song
employ my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoyce.
24 My Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts
ſhall all the Day proclaim;
Becauſe thou didſt confound my Foes,
and brought'ſt them all to Shame.

PSALM LXXII.

1 LOrd, let thy juſt Decrees the King
in all his Ways direct;
And let his Son throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him
their juſt Protector find.
3 Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Land ſhall own to be
the Work of Righteouſneſs:
4 Whilſt he the poor and needy Race
ſhall rule with gentle Sway;
And from their humble Necks ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes away.
5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or Time it ſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like Rain, that chears
the Meadows ſecond Birth,
Or like warm Show'rs whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh the thirſty Earth.
7 In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good
ſhall be with Favour crown'd;
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry where,
with endleſs Peace abound.
8 His uncontroul'd Dominion ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend;

Begin at proud *Euphrates* Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.
9 To him the Savage Nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile Heads;
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt
where he his Conqueſt ſpreads.
10 The Kings of *Tarſhiſh*, and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy *Sheba* Gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy *Saba*'s King.
11 To him ſhall ev'ry King on Earth,
his humble Homage pay;
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12 For he ſhall ſet the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry,
Shall ſave the Helpleſs and the Poor,
and all their Wants ſupply.

PART II.

13 His Providence, for needy Souls,
ſhall due Supplies prepare;
And over their defenceleſs Lives
ſhall watch with tender Care.
14 He ſhall preſerve, and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free,
And in his Sight their guiltleſs Blood
of mighty Price ſhall be.
15 Therefore ſhall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend,
Whilſt eaſtern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant Pray'rs be made,
thro' all his proſp'rous Days:
His juſt Dominion ſhall afford
a laſting Theme of Praiſe.
16 Of uſeful Grain, thro' all the Land,
great Plenty ſhall appear;
A Handful ſown on Mountain Tops
a mighty Crop ſhall bear: Its

Its Fruit, like Cedars ſhook by Winds,
a ratling Noiſe ſhall yield:
The City too ſhall thrive, and vie
for Plenty with the Field.
17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
thro' endleſs Years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs Fame ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World
ſhall be compleatly bleſt,
And his unbounded Happineſs
by ev'ry Tongue confeſt.
18 Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom *Iſr'el* fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works
beyond Compare appears.
19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
and ever bleſs his Name:
Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World
their glad Aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs 'tis plain
that God will to his Saints be kind;
That all whoſe Hearts are pure and clean,
ſhall his protecting Favour find.
2, 3 Till this ſuſtaining Truth I knew,
my ſtagg'ring Feet had almoſt fail'd;
I griev'd the Sinner's Wealth to view,
and envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.
4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace deſcend,
and whilſt they live are hail and ſtrong;
No Plague or Troubles them offend,
which oft to other Men belong.
6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,
and Rapine ſeems their Robe of State;
Their Eyes ſtand out with Fatneſs ſwell'd,
they grow beyond their Wiſhes great.
8, 9 With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
oppreſſive Methods they defend; Their

Their Tongue through all the Earth does walk,
their Blaſphemies to Heaven aſcend.
10 And yet admiring Crouds are found,
who ſervile Viſits duly make,
Becauſe with Plenty they abound,
of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.
11 Their fond Opinions theſe purſue,
till they with them profanely cry,
" How ſhould the Lord our Actions view,
" can he perceive who dwells ſo high?
12 Behold the Wicked! Theſe are they
who openly their Sins profeſs;
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each Day,
and all their Actions meet Succeſs.
13, 14 Then have I cleans'd my Heart (ſaid I)
and waſh'd my Hands from Guilt in vain;
If all the Day oppreſs'd I lie,
and ev'ry Morning ſuffer Pain.
15 Thus did I once to ſpeak intend,
but if ſuch Things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend,
and baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my Thoughts I bent,
but found the Caſe too hard for me;
Till to the Houſe of God I went,
then I their End did plainly ſee.
18 How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
on ſlipp'ry Places looſely ſtand;
Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
caſt down by thy avenging Hand.
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate!
deſpis'd by Thee when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking Men with Scorn do treat
the Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſt,
my Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains,
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt,
who no reflecting Thought retains. 23,

23, 24 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
and thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance gave:
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel guide,
and then to Glory me receive.
25 Whom then in Heav'n, but Thee alone,
have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none
that I beſides Thee can deſire.
26 My trembling Fleſh and aking Heart
may often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
and my eternal Portion be.
27 For they that far from Thee remove,
ſhall into ſudden Ruin fall;
If after other Gods they rove,
thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt,
that I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In him I always put my Truſt,
and will his wond'rous Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt thou caſt us off, O God,
wilt thou no more return?
O why againſt thy choſen Flock,
does thy fierce Anger burn?
2 Think on thy ancient Purchaſe, Lord,
the Land that is thy own;
By Thee redeem'd, and *Sion*'s Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.
3 O! come and view our ruin'd State!
how long our Troubles laſt!
See how the Foe with wicked Rage
hath laid thy Temple waſte!
4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name, where late
thy zealous Servant pray'd;
The Heathen there with haughty Pomp
their Banners have diſplay'd.

5, 6 Thoſe curious Carvings which did once
advance the Artiſts Fame,
With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
7 Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been prophan'd and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.
8 Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy,
maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd:
9 Yet of thy Preſence thou vouchſaf'd
no tender Signs to ſend;
We have no Prophet now that knows
when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
th' inſulting Foe to boaſt,
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt?
11 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong Right-hand,
and on thy patient Breaſt,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly let'ſt it reſt?
12 Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
haſt great Salvation wrought.
13 'Twas thou, O God, that didſt the Sea
by thy own Strength divide;
Thou break'ſt the wat'ry Monſter's Head,
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.
14 The greateſt, fierceſt of them all,
that ſeem'd the Deep to ſway;
Was by thy Power deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage Beaſts a Prey.

15 Thou

15 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and mad'ſt
the Waters largely flow;
Again thou mad'ſt, thro' parted Streams,
thy wond'ring People go.
16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black Return of Night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and ev'ry feebler Light:
17 By Thee the Borders of the Earth
in perfect Order ſtand;
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,
attend on thy Command.

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes,
have daily urg'd our Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
by ſinful Crouds beſet:
Nor the Aſſembly of thy Poor
for evermore forget.
20 Thy antient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy Promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21 O let not the Oppreſt return
with Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.
22 Ariſe, O God, in our behalf,
thy Cauſe and ours maintain;
Remember how inſulting Fools
each Day thy Name prophane!
23 Make thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
for evermore to ceaſe;
Whoſe Inſolence, if unchaſtiz'd,
will more and more increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO Thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
to Thee with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2 In *Iſr'el* when my Throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall Juſtice reign:
3 The Land with Diſcord ſhakes, but I
the ſinking Frame ſuſtain.
4 Deluded Wretches I adviſ'd
their Errors to redreſs,
And warn'd bold Sinners that they ſhould
their ſwelling Pride ſuppreſs.
5 Bear not your ſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r could yours reſtrain;
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
to ſpeak with leſs Diſdain.
6 For that Promotion, which to gain
your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt nor Weſt, nor yet
from Southern Climes arrives.
7 For God the great Diſpoſer is,
and Sov'reign Judge alone,
Who caſts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble to a Throne.
8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup,
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly Mixture which his Wrath
deals out to Nations round.
Of this his Saints ſometimes may taſte,
but wicked Men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.
9 His Prophet I, to all the World
this Meſſage will relate;
The Juſtice then of *Jacob*'s God
my Song ſhall celebrate.
10 The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty diſarm;

Exalt

Exalt the Juſt, and ſeat him high,
above the Reach of Harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN *Judah* the Almighty's known,
(Almighty there by Wonders ſhown)
His Name in *Jacob* does excel;
2 His Sanctu'ry in *Salem* ſtands,
The Majeſty that Heav'n commands
In *Sion* condeſcends to dwell.
3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Sword and Spear,
There ſlain the mighty Army lay;
4 Whence *Sion*'s Fame thro' Earth is ſpread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Than Hills, where Robbers lodge their Prey.
5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful Foil:
Securely down to Sleep they lay,
But wak'd no more; their ſtouteſt Band
Ne'er lifted one reſiſting Hand
'Gainſt his that did their Legions ſlay.
6 When *Jacob*'s God began to frown,
Both Horſe and Charioteers o'erthrown,
Together ſlept in endleſs Night:
7 When thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,
Doſt once with wrathful Looks appear,
What mortal Pow'r can ſtand thy Sight?
8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom,
Grew huſh'd with Fear, when thou didſt come.
9 The Meek with Juſtice to reſtore:
10 The Wrath of Man ſhall yield Thee Praiſe,
Its laſt Attempts but ſerve to raiſe
The Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r:
11 Vow to the Lord, ye Nations bring
Vow'd Preſents to th' Eternal King;
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,
12 Who proudeſt Potentates can quell,
To earthly King more terrible,
Than, to their trembling Subjects, they.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciouſly repair;
2 In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,
no Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.
3 I thought on God, and Favours paſt,
but that increas'd my Pain:
I found my Spirit more oppreſt,
the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake:
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.
5 I call to Mind the Days of old,
with ſignal Mercy crown'd,
Thoſe famous Years of ancient Times,
for Miracles renown'd.
6 By Night I recollect my Songs
on former Triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult, and ask my Heart,
where's now thy wond'rous Aid?
7 Has God for ever caſt us off,
withdrawn his Favour quite?
8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night?
9 Can his long practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has he in Wrath ſhut up, and ſeal'd
his Mercy's healing Spring?
10 I ſaid, my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears,
but I'll my Fears disband:
Will yet remember the moſt High,
and Years of his Right-hand.
11 I'll call to Mind his Works of old,
the Wonders of his Might; 12 On

12 On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,
O God, thy Counſels are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?
14 Long ſince a God of Wonders Thee
thy reſcu'd People found;
15 Long ſince haſt thou thy choſen Seed
with ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When Thee, O God, the Waters ſaw,
the frighted Billows ſhrunk;
The troubled Depths themſelves for Fear
beneath their Channels ſunk.
17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies
did with their Noiſe conſpire;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.
18 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
whilſt all the lower World
With Light'ning blaz'd, Earth ſhook and ſeem'd
from her Foundation hurl'd.
19 Thro' rolling Streams thou find'ſt thy Way,
thy Paths in Waters lie;
Thy wond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight
thy Footſteps can deſcry.
20 Thou led'ſt thy People, like a Flock;
ſafe thro' the Deſart Land,
By *Moſes*, their meek skilful Guide,
and *Aaron*'s ſacred Hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 HEar, O my People, to my Law,
devout Attention lend;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts deſcend.
2 My Tongue by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall Parables unfold,

Dark Oracles, but understood,
and own'd for Truths of Old.
3 Which we from sacred Registers
of ancient Times have known,
And our Fore-fathers pious Care
to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our Sons;
our Offspring shall be taught
The Praises of the Lord, whose Strength
has Works of Wonder wrought.
5 For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,
this League with *Isr'el* made;
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race convey'd.
6 That Generations yet to come
should to their unborn Heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
and they again to theirs.
7 To teach 'em that in God alone
their Hope securely stands;
That they should ne'er forget his Works,
but keep his just Commands.
8 Lest, like their Fathers, they might prove,
a stiff Rebellious Race;
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
unsteadfast in his Grace.
9 Such were revolting *Ephraim*'s Sons;
who tho' to Warfare bred,
And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falsify'd their League with God,
his Orders disobey'd;
Forgot his Works and Miracles
before their Eyes display'd.
12 Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,
did they in Mind retain;
Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan*'s fertile Plain.

13 He

13 He cut the Seas to let 'em paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing Flood;
Where pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,
the ſolid Waters ſtood.
14 A wond'rous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light;
A ſhelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
15 When Drought oppreſt 'em, where no Stream
the Wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
diſſolv'd into a Tide.
16 Streams from the ſolid Rock he brought,
which down in Rivers fell,
That, trav'ling with their Camp, each Day
renew'd the Miracle.
17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
provoking the moſt High;
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls ſupply.
18 They firſt incens'd him in their Hearts,
that did his Pow'r diſtruſt;
And long'd for Meats, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge their Luſt.
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts;
"Can God, ſay they, prepare
"A Table in the Wilderneſs
"ſet out with various Fare?
20 "He ſmote the flinty Rock, ('tis true)
"and guſhing Streams enſu'd;
"But can he Corn and Fleſh provide
"for ſuch a Multitude?
21 The Lord with Indignation heard:
from Heav'n avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell, conſuming Wrath
on thankleſs *Iſr'el* came.
22 Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
in God would not confide,

Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heav'n
their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23 Tho' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in Show'rs;
And, when Earth fail'd, relieve their Needs
from his celeſtial Stores.
24 Tho' taſteful Manna was rain'd down
their Hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
ſuſtaining Corn receive.
25 Thus Man with Angels ſacred Food,
ingrateful Man was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous Table ſpread.
26 From Heav'n he made an Eaſt Wind blow,
then did the South command
27 To rain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls,
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
28 Within their Trenches he let fall
the luſcious eaſy Prey,
And all around their ſpreading Camp
the ready Booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave them Leave
their Appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.
But whilſt in their luxurious Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God ſmote down their Chief,
and *Iſr'el*'s Choſen ſlew.

PART II.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
his Miracles Belief;
33 Therefore thro' fruitleſs Travels he
conſum'd their Lives in Grief.
34 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
to God with early Cry;
35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour, God moſt High. 36 B

36 But this was feign'd Submiſſion all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd;
37 Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would
firm in his League abide.
38 Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave,
nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
or would not let it riſe.
39 For he remembred they were Fleſh
that could not long remain;
A murm'ring Wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his Patience grieve,
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls relieve?
41 They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd;
When *Iſr'el*'s God refus'd to be
by their Deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to Mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought;
43 His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous Works
in *Zoan*'s Valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt
than drink the putrid Gore.
45 He ſent devouring Swarms of Flies,
hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil;
46 Locuſts and Caterpillars reap'd
the Harveſt of their Toil.
47 Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke,
with Froſt the Fig-Tree dies;
48 Light'ning and Hail made Flocks and Herbs
one gen'ral Sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet
no Time for it to ceaſe;

And, with their Plagues bad Angels ſent
their Torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd;
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold.
51 The deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Man,
from Field to City came;
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes,
thro' all the Tents of *Ham*.
52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Diſtreſs;
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderneſs.
53 He led 'em on, and in their Way,
no Cauſe of Fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe Deeps
in which their Foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his Care, till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount, the Prize
of his victorious Hand.
55 To them the out-caſt Heathen's Land
he did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,
made *Iſr'el*'s Tribes reſide.

PART III.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the Wrath of God moſt High;
Nor would to practiſe his Commands
their ſtubborn Hearts apply.
57 But in their faithleſs Fathers Steps
perverſely choſe to go.
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful Bow.
58 For him to Fury they provok'd
with Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images
inflam'd his Jealouſy.

59 When

59 When God heard this, on *Isr'el's* Tribes
his Wrath and Hatred fell;
60 He quitted *Shilo*, and the Tents
where once he chose to dwell.
61 To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to disdain;
62 His People to the Sword he gave,
nor would his Wrath restrain.
63 Destructive War their ablest Youth
untimely did confound;
No Virgin was to th'' Altar led,
with Nuptial Garlands crown''d.
64 In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
the Priest a Victim bled;
And Widows who their Death should mourn
themselves of Grief were dead.
65 Then, as a Giant, rouz''d from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm''d,
Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak''d
and his proud Foe alarm''d.
66 He smote their Host, that from the Field
a scatter''d Remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
of everlasting Shame.
67 With Conquest crown''d he *Joseph's* Tents,
and *Ephraim's* Tribe forsook;
68 But *Judah* chose; and *Sion's* Mount
for his lov''d Dwelling took.
69 His Temple he erected there
with Spires exalted high;
While deep and fix''d, as that of Earth,
the strong Foundations lie.
70 His faithful Servant *David* too,
he for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheep-folds him advanc''d
to sit on *Judah's* Throne.
71 Fro tending on the teeming Ewes,
he brought him forth, to feed

His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed.
72 Exalted thus the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright Heart,
and guided them with Skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 BEhold, O God, how Heathen Hoſts
have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd!
Thy ſacred Houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy City raz'd!
2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints
abroad unburied lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.
3 Quite through *Jerus'lem* was their Blood
like common Water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt Duties to the Dead.
4 The neighb'ring Lands our ſmall Remains
with loud Reproaches wound;
And we a Laughing-ſtock are made
to all the Nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire, for ever burn?
6 On foreign Lands that know not thee,
thy heavy Vengeance ſhow'r;
Thoſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.
7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd
on *Jacob*'s choſen Race;
And to a barren Deſart turn'd
their fruitful Dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former Sins,
but ſpeedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints,
almoſt with Sorrow ſpent.

9 Thou

9 Thou, God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from Blame;
So ſhall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.
10 Let Infidels, that ſcoffing ſay,
where is the God they boaſt?
In Vengeance, for thy ſlaughter'd Saints,
perceive thee to their Coſt.
11 Lord, hear the ſighing Pris'ners Moans,
thy ſaving Pow'r extend;
Preſerve the Wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely End.
12 On them, who us oppreſs, let all
our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſev'n Times more
than what on us they laid.
13 So we, thy People, and thy Flock,
ſhall ever praiſe thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O *Iſr'el*'s Shepherd, *Joſeph*'s Guide,
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that do'ſt on the Cherubs ride,
Again in ſolemn State appear.
2 Behold, how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manaſſeh* join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
Of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.
4 O Thou, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring People pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no Return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe; When

When dry, our raging Thirst we quench:
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.
6 For us the Heathen Nations round
As for a common Prey, contest;
Our Foes with spiteful Joy abound,
And at our lost Condition jest.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Lustre of thy Face display;
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'st a Vine from *Egypt*'s Land,
And casting out the Heathen Race,
Didst plant it with thy own Right-hand,
And firmly fix'd it in their Place.
9 Before it thou prepar'dst the Way,
And mad'st it take a lasting Root,
Which, blest with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely shoot:
10, 11 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars seem;
Its Branches to the Sea were spread,
And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.
12 Why then hast thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou had'st made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its Grapes, defenceless grown,
Are pluck'd by those that pass along;
13 See how the bristling Forest Boar
With dreadful Fury lays it waste:
Hark how the savage Monsters roar,
And to their helpless Prey make Haste.

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n, thy Throne, this Vine survey,
And her sad State with Pity view.
15 Behold the Vineyard, made by thee,
Which thy Right-hand did guard so long;

And

And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
16 To waſting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they ſoon decay,
And periſh at thy dreadful Frown.
17 Crown thou the King with good Succeſs,
By thy Right-hand ſecur'd from Wrong,
The Son of Man in Mercy bleſs,
Whom for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
18 So ſhall we ſtill continue free
From whatſoe'er deſerves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praiſe thy holy Name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay,
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds, ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
with loud Applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a chearful Noiſe
to *Jacob*'s awful King.
2 Compoſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch
your Inſtruments of Joy;
Let Pſalteries and pleaſant Harps,
your grateful Skill employ.
3 Let Trumpets at the great New Moon,
their joyful Voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed Time,
the ſolemn Day of Praiſe.
4 For this a Statute was of old,
which *Jacob*'s God decreed
To be with pious Care obſerv'd
by *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed.
5 This he for a Memorial fix'd,
when, freed from *Egypt*'s Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
but could not underſtand.

6 Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus ſeems our God to ſay)
Your ſervile Hands by me were freed
from lab'ring in the Clay.
7 Your Anceſtors, with Wrongs oppreſt,
to me for Aid did call;
With Pity I their Suff'rings ſaw,
and ſet them free from all.
They ſought from me, and from the Clouds,
in Thunder I reply'd;
At *Meribah*'s contentious Stream
their Faith and Duty try'd.

PART II.

8 While I my ſolemn Will declare,
my choſen People hear;
If thou, O *Iſr'el*, to my Words
wilt lend thy liſtning Ear;
9 Then ſhall no God beſides my ſelf
within thy Coaſts be found;
Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any God
of all the Nations round.
10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from *Egypt*'s Land;
'Tis I that all thy juſt Deſires
ſupply with lib'ral Hand.
11 But they, my choſen Race, refus'd
to hearken to my Voice;
Nor would rebellious *Iſr'el*'s Sons
make me their happy Choice.
12 So I provok'd, reſign'd them up,
to ev'ry Luſt a Prey;
And in their own perverſe Deſigns,
permitted them to ſtray.
13 O that my People wiſely would
my juſt Commandments heed!
And *Iſr'el* in my righteous Ways
with pious Care proceed!
14 Then ſhould my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppoſe; And

And my avenging Hand he turn'd
against their num'rous Foes.
15 Their Enemies and mine, ſhould all
before my Foot-ſtool bend;
But as for them, their happy State
ſhould never know an End.
16 All Parts with Plenty ſhall abound;
with fineſt Wheat their Field:
The barren Rocks, to pleaſe their Taſte,
ſhould richeſt Honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great Aſſembly ſtands,
where his impartial Eye
In State ſurveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.
2, 3 How dare you then unjuſtly judge,
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans, and the Poor,
let ſuch your Juſtice find.
4 Protect the humble helpleſs Man
reduc'd to deep Diſtreſs,
And let not him become a Prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray;
Juſtice and Truth, the World's great Props,
thro' all the Land decay.
6 Well then may God in Anger ſay,
" I've call'd you by my Name:
" I've ſaid y' are Gods, and all ally'd
" to the moſt High in Fame.
7 " But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt Deeds
" to ſtrict Account I'll call;
" You all ſhall die like common Men,
" like other Tyrants fall.
8 Ariſe and thy juſt Judgments, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay;
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy righteous Sway.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 HOld not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer silent be;
Nor with consenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly see!
2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are spread;
And those who hate thy Saints, and Thee,
lift up their threatning Head.
3 Against thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine;
And to destroy thy chosen Saints
have laid their close Design.
4 "Come, let us cut them off, say they,
"their Nation quite deface;
"That no Remembrance may remain
"of *Isr'el*'s hated Race.
5 Thus they against thy People's Peace
consult with one Consent;
And diff'ring Nations, jointly leagu'd,
their common Malice vent.
6 The *Ishm'elites* that dwell in Tents,
with Warlike *Edom* join'd,
And *Moab*'s Sons our Ruin vow,
with *Hagar*'s Race combin'd;
7 Proud *Ammon*'s Offspring, *Gebal* too
with *Amaleck* conspire;
The Lords of *Palestine*, and all
the wealthy Sons of *Tyre*:
8 All these the strong *Assyrian* King
their firm Ally have got;
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
th' incestuous Race of *Lot*.

PART II.

9 But let such Vengeance come to them
as once to *Midian* came;
To *Jabin* and proud *Sisera*,
at *Kishon*'s fatal Stream.

10 When

10 When thy Right-hand their num'rous Hosts
near *Endor* did confound,
And left their Carcasses for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.
11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of *Zeb* and *Oreb* share;
As *Zebah* and *Zalmunnah*, so
let all their Princes fare.
12 Who, with the same Design inspir'd,
thus vainly boasting spake,
"In firm Possession for our selves.
"let us God's Houses take.
13 To Ruin let them haste, like Wheels
which downwards swiftly move;
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their Scatter'd Forces prove.
14, 15 As Flames consume dry Wood, or Heath
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing Wrath
with Terror strike thy Foes.
16, 17 Lord, shroud their Faces with Disgrace,
that they may own thy Name;
Or them confound, whose harden'd Hearts
thy gentle Means disclaim.
18 So shall the wond'ring World confess
that thou, who claim'st alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
has rais'd thy lofty Throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place,
Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, shew'st
the Brightness of thy Face!
2 My longing Soul faints with Desire,
to view thy blest Abode;
My panting Heart and Flesh cry out
for thee the living God.
3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
around the Temple throng;

Securely there they build, and there
securely hatch their Young.
4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
how highly blest are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praise display!
5 Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee
their sure Protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred Ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!
6 Who pass thro' parch'd and thirsty Vales,
yet no Refreshment want;
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which thou
at their Request dost grant.
7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
and still approach more near;
'Till all on *Sion*'s holy Mount
before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,
my just Request regard;
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
be still with Favour heard!
9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
can'st timely Aid dispense;
On thy anointed Servant look,
be thou his strong Defence:
10 For in thy Courts one single Day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place besides
a thousand Days to spend.
Much rather in God's House will I
the meanest Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
my pompous Dwelling make.
11 For God who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give;
And no good Thing will he with-hold
from them that justly live.

12 Thou

12 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hosts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on Thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou haſt granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd;
And faithful *Jacob*'s captive Race
haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3 Thy People's Sin thou haſt forgiv'n,
and all their Guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger laſt.
4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repenting Tears,
thy Wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why ſhould'ſt thou be angry ſtill,
and Wrath ſo long retain;
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, diſplay,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous Mercies ſake
thy wonted Aid afford.
8 God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait,
for he with glad Succeſs,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bleſs.
9 To all that fear his holy Name
his ſure Salvation's near;
And, in its former happy State,
our Nation ſhall appear.
10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd,
and Righteouſneſs with Peace,
Like kind Companions abſent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.

11, 12 Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring whilſt (Heaven
ſhall Streams of Juſtice pour;
And God, from whom all Goodneſs flows,
ſhall endleſs Plenty ſhow'r.
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall march,
and his juſt Paths prepare;
Whilſt we his holy Steps purſue
with conſtant Zeal and Care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſt and deſtitute
of all Relief but thine;
2 Do thou, O God, preſerve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore:
Thy Servant keep, and him, whoſe Truſt
relies on Thee, reſtore.
3 To me, who daily Thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
on Thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe
who for thy Mercy ſue.
6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be!
7 When troubled I on Thee will call,
for thou wilt anſwer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To Thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.
9 Therefore their great Creator Thee
the Nations ſhall adore;
Their long miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe
to thy bleſt Name reſtore.

10 All ſhall confeſs thee great, and great
the Wonders thou haſt done;
Confeſs thee God, the God ſupreme;
confeſs thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
from Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In Rev'rence to thy ſacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
praiſe Thee with Heart ſincere;
And to thy everlaſting Name
eternal Trophies rear.
13 Thy boundleſs Mercy ſhewn to me
tranſcends my Pow'r to tell,
For thou haſt oft redeem'd my Soul
from loweſt Depths of Hell.
14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Deſtruction fought,
Regardleſs of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought.
15 But thou thy conſtant Goodneſs did'ſt
to my Aſſiſtance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou everlaſting Spring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant ſhow;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,
thine Handmaid's Son, beſtow.
17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
may ſee with Shame and Rage;
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort do'ſt engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD's Temple crowns the holy Mount;
the Lord there condeſcends to dwell.
2 His *Sion*'s Gates, in his Account,
our *Iſr'el*'s faireſt Tents excel.

3 Fame glorious Things of Thee ſhall ſing,
O City of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention *Rahab* with due Praiſe,
in *Babylon*'s Applauſes join,
The Fame of *Æthiopia* raiſe,
with that of *Tyre* and *Paleſtine*;
And grant that ſome, amongſt them born,
their Age and Country did adorn.
5 But ſtill of *Sion* I'll averr,
that many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her,
6 His gen'ral Liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
That ſuch a Perſon there was born,
their Age and Country did adorn.
7 He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
of ſuch as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Muſicians ſkill'd,
and (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall Succeſſions bring
like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I
by Day and Night addreſs my Cry;
2 Vouchſafe my mournful Voice to hear,
to my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear.
3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,
my Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade;
4 Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled,
they number me among the Dead.
5 Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the Grave,
from thee no more remembrance have;
Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,
6 Down to the Confines of Deſpair.
7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain;
Me all the Mountain Waves have preſt,
too weak, alas, to bear the leaſt.
8 Remov'd from Friends, I ſigh alone,
in a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none

A Visit will vouchsafe to me,
confin'd, past Hopes of Liberty.
9 My Eyes from weeping never cease,
they waste, but still my Griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I pray'd,
with out-stretch'd Hands invok'd thy Aid.
10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive
the Dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
From Death restore thy Praise to sing,
whom thou from Prison would'st not bring?
11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confess?
a mold'ring Tomb thy Faithfulness?
12 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
where Darkness and Oblivion reign?
13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
my Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
14 Why hast thou, Lord, my Soul forsook,
nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look?
15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
which from my Youth with me have grown;
Thy Terrors past distract my Mind,
and Fears of blacker Days behind.
16 Thy Wrath hath burst upon my Head,
thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
17 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
and for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
remov'd from Sight, and out of Call;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
dead, or at least to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,
My Song on them shall ever dwell;
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue
Thy never failing Truth shall tell.
2 I have affirm'd and still maintain,
Thy Mercy shall for ever last;
Thy Truth, that does the Heav'ns sustain,
Like them for ever shall stand fast.

3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
" With *David* I a League have made;
" To him, my Servant, and my Choice,
" By ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd;
4 " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
" Thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain;
" To them thy Throne I will inſure,
" They ſhall to endleſs Ages reign.
5 For ſuch ſtupendious Truth and Love,
Both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.
6 What Seraph of Celeſtial Birth
To vie with *Iſr'el*'s God ſhall dare?
Or who among the Gods of Earth
With our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With Rev'rence and Religious Dread,
His Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread
Who his Almighty Name confeſs.
8 Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround?
9 Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
And change the Proſpect of the Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows rowl,
Thou mak'ſt the rowling Billows ſleep.
10 Thou brak'ſt in Pieces *Rahab*'s Pride,
And did'ſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm:
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.
11 In thee the ſov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The World and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver own.
12 The Poles on which the Globe does reſt,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice;

Tabor

Tabor and *Hermon*, East and West,
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoyce.
13 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, thou do'st with Justice reign;
14 Possest of absolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy do'st maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Festivals appear,
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd,
16 Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And in thy Righteousness employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy Strength they shall advance,
Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring.
18 The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,
And *Isr'el*'s God our *Isr'el*'s King.
19 Thus spak'st thou by the Prophet's Voice,
" A mighty Champion I will send,
" From *Judah*'s Tribe have I made Choice
" Of one who shall the rest defend.
20 " My Servant *David* I have found,
" With holy Oil anointed him;
21 " Him shall the Hand support, that crown'd,
" And guard, that gave the Diadem.
22 " No Prince from him shall Tribute force,
" No Son of Strife shall him annoy;
23 " His spiteful Foes I will disperse,
" And them before his Face destroy.
24 " My Truth and Grace shall him sustain;
" His Armies in well order'd Ranks,
25 " Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main
" To *Tigris* and *Euphrates* Banks.
26 " Me for his Father he shall take,
" His God and Rock of Safety call;
27 " Him I my first-born Son will make,
" And earthly Kings his Subjects all.

28 " To him my Mercy I'll ſecure,
" My Cov'nant make for ever faſt.
29 " His Seed for ever ſhall endure,
" His Throne, till Heav'n diſſolves, ſhall laſt.

PART III.

30 " But if his Heirs my Law forſake;
" And from my ſecret Precepts ſtray;
31 " If they my righteous Statutes break,
" Nor ſtrictly my Commands obey;
32 " Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
" And for their Folly make them ſmart;
33 " Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
" Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.
34 " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But in Remembrance faſt retain;
" The Thing that once my Lips have ſpoke
" Shall in eternal Force remain.
35 " Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
" And made my Holineſs the Tie,
" That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
" Nor to my Servant *David* lie.
36 " Whoſe Throne and Race the conſtant Sun
" Shall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſh'd ſee;
37 " Of this my Oath, thou conſcious Moon,
" In Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be.
38 Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
But thou haſt now our Tribes forſook,
Thy own Anointed haſt abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.
39 Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
Thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt his Honour laid.
40 Of ſtrong Holds thou haſt him bereft,
And brought his Bulwarks to decay;
41 His frontier Coaſts defenceleſs left,
A publick Scorn, and common Prey.
42 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield
To Foes advanc'd by thee to Might; 43

43 Thou haſt his conqu'ring Sword unſteel'd,
His Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.
44 His Glory is to Darkneſs fled,
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground:
45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
With Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.
46 How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy conſuming Anger burn
Till that and we at once expire?
47 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a Space
Thou doſt for mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain?
48 What Man is he that can controul
Death's ſtrict unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
The Grave that muſt Mankind entomb?
49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundleſs Grace,
The Oath to which thy Truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to *David* and his Race,
The Grant which Time ſhould ne'er repeal:
50 See how thy Servants treated are
With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
Which in my ſilent Breaſt I bear
From Nations of licentious Might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,
Have made thy Servant's Hope their Jeſt:
52 Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim,
And ever ſing, *The Lord be bleſt.*

Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
of us thy Choſen Race,
From Age to Age thou ſtill haſt been
our ſure abiding Place.
2 Before thou brought'ſt the Mountains forth,
or th' Earth and World did'ſt frame,

Thou

Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the ſame.
3 Thou turneſt Man, O Lord, to Duſt,
of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the Word, *Return*,
'tis inſtantly obey'd.
4 For in thy Sight a thouſand Years
are like a Day that's paſt,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
whoſe Hours unminded waſte.
5 Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a Flood,
we vaniſh hence like Dreams;
At firſt we grow like Graſs that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams.
6 But howſoever freſh and fair
its Morning Beauty ſhows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
before the Ev'ning cloſe.
7, 8 We by thine Anger are conſum'd,
and by thy Wrath diſmay'd;
Our publick Crimes and ſecret Sins
before thy Sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects
our drooping Days we ſpend;
Our unregarded Years break off,
like Tales that quickly end.
10 Our Term of Time is ſeventy Years,
an Age that few ſurvive:
But if with more than common Strength,
to Eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain,
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.

12 So

12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum
of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
and ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do thou
of our juſt Doom repent.
14 To ſatisfy and chear our Souls
thy early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come,
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.
15 Let happy Times with large Amends
dry up our former Tears;
Or equal at the leaſt the Term
of our afflicted Years.
16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to our Offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious Pow'r be ſhown.
17 Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,
give thou our Work Succeſs;
The glorious Work we have in Hand
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty Shade,
ſecure and undiſturb'd abide.
2 Thus to my Soul, of him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
my God in whom I will confide.
3 His tender Love, and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
and from the noiſome Peſtilence:
4 He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
his Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.

5 No Terrors, that ſurprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
6 Nor Plague, of unknown Riſe, that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills,
that in the hotteſt Seaſon ſlay.
7 A Thouſand at thy Side ſhall die;
At thy Right-hand Ten Thouſand lie,
while thy firm Health untouch'd remains:
8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The Wicked's diſmal Tragedy,
and count the Sinner's mournful Gains.
9 Becauſe with well-plac'd Confidence,
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
and on the Higheſt do'ſt rely;
10 Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
any infectious Plague draw nigh.
11 For he throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,
ſhall give his Angels ſtrict Commands,
12 And they, leſt thou ſhould'ſt chance to meet
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
ſhall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.
13 Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
beneath his conqu'ring Feet ſhall lie.
14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
and fix his glorious Throne on high.
15 He'll call, I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when Ill befalls;
increaſe his Honour and his Wealth:
16 And when, with undiſturb'd Content,
His long and happy Life is ſpent,
his End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

PSALM XCII.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high; And,

And, with repeated Hymns of Praiſe,
his Name to magnify.
2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant Truth, each Night,
the glad Effects repeat.
3 To ten-ſtring'd Inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful Pſalteries joyn'd,
And to the Harp with ſolemn Sounds,
for ſacred Uſe deſign'd.
4 For thro' thy wondrous Works, O Lord!
thou mak'ſt my Heart rejoyce;
The Thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful Voice.
5, 6 How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord!
how deep are thy Decrees!
Whoſe winding Tracts, in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid Sinner ſees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked Men,
like Graſs look freſh and gay,
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd Splendor muſt
for ever paſs away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art ſtill moſt High;
and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10 Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated Head.
11 I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal End of thoſe
who have againſt me fought.
12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms
ſhall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that in *Lebanon*
in ſtately Order grow.

13, 14 These, planted in the House of God,
within his Courts shall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Lustre both
shall in old Age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his Justice shew;
and God my strong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
impartially dispense.

PSALM XCIII.

1 WIth Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
the Lord that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations strongly laid,
and the vast Fabrick still sustains.
2 How surely stablish'd is thy Throne!
which shall no Change or Period see,
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
art God from all Eternity.
3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
and toss the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can still their Noise,
and make the angry Sea comply.
5 Thy Promise, Lord, is ever sure;
and they that in thy House would dwell,
That happy Station to secure,
must still in Holiness excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2 O God, to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now disclose;
Arise thou Judge of all the Earth,
and crush thy haughty Foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful Men
their solemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boast,
and insolently speak?
5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppress,
but unprovok'd, they spill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
and helpless Orphans kill.

7 " And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,
(prophanely thus they ſpeak)
" Nor any Notice of our Deeds
" the God of *Jacob* take.
8 At length, ye ſtupid Fools, your Wants,
endeavour to diſcern,
In Folly will you ſtill proceed,
and Wiſdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe,
who his known Will defy?
11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to him their Hearts lie bare,
His Eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their Counſels are.

PART II.

12 Bleſt is the Man whom thou, O Lord,
in Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred Rules to walk
doſt lovingly adviſe.
13 This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find
in Seaſons of Diſtreſs;
Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
14 For God will never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take;
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot,
he will not quite forſake.
15 The World ſhall then confeſs thee juſt
in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright Ways,
ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my Behalf,
when wicked Men invade?
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs,
my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long ſince had I in Silence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near,

To

To ſtay me when I ſlip; when ſad,
my troubled Heart to chear.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence
their wicked Ends to gain?
21 Againſt the Lives of righteous Men
they form their cloſe Deſign;
And Blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn League combine.
22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord moſt High;
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns
on their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.
2 Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.
3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is, with unrival'd Glory, great;
A King ſuperior far to all,
Whom Gods the Heathen falſely call.
4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.
5 The rouling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs
By the ſame Sov'reign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.

6 O

6 O Let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there,
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture-Sheep are we;
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To Day, if you his Voice will hear,
8 Let not your hard'ned Hearts renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In deſart Plains of *Meribah!*
9 When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd,
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd:
They ſtill, through Unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works Beheld.
10, 11 They forty Years my Patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd,
Then,---'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from me has always ſtray'd:
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path;
Therefore to them, in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſware
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SIng to the Lord a new-made Song;
Let Earth, in one aſſembl'd Throng,
Her common Patron's Praiſe reſound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name,
From Day to Day his Praiſe proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3 To Heathen Lands his Name rehearſe,
His Wonders to the Univerſe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majeſty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities:
5 For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call;
He only rules who makes the Skies.

6 With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround:
7 Be therefore both to him restor'd
By you who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due Honour to his Name.
8 Peace-off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim.
9 To worship at his sacred Court
Let all the trembling World resort.
10 Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whose Power the Universe sustains,
And banisht Justice will restore;
11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And Heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar,
Its mute Inhabitants rejoyce,
And for his Triumph find a Voice.
12 For Joy let fertile Valleys sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;
The tuneful Quire of Birds awake,
13 The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now sets outs with awful State,
His Circuit through the Earth to take.
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 *Jehovah* reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoyce;
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,
In his Applause unite their Voice.
2 Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade
His dazling Glory shroud in state;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt by his Pavillion wait.
3 Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance strook;
4 His Lightnings set the World on blaze,
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.

5 The

5 The proudeſt Hills his Preſence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could Help afford;
The proudeſt Hills like Wax did melt
In Preſence of th' Almighty Lord.
6 The Heav'ns, his Righteouſneſs to ſhew,
With Storms of Fire our Foes purſu'd;
And all the trembling World below,
Have his deſcending Glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious Hoſt,
Who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of Pageant Idols boaſt,
To him, ye Gods, your Worſhip pay.
8 Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,
And *Judah*'s Daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan-Pride and Pow'r deſtroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, are ſeated high,
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd,
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky,
Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.
10 You, who to ſerve the Lord aſpire,
Abhor what's ill, and Truth eſteem;
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.
11 For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
A future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart that's right,
To recompenſe its pious Truſt.
12 Rejoyce, ye Righteous in the Lord;
Memorials of his Holineſs,
Deep in your faithful Breaſts record,
And with your thankful Tongues confeſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 SIng to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wond'rous Things has done;
With his right Hand and holy Arm,
the Conqueſt he has won.
2 The Lord has through th' aſtoniſh'd World
diſplay'd his ſaving Might,

And make his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heathens Sight.
3 Of *Isr'el*'s Houſe his Love and Truth
have ever mindful been;
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Pow'r
of *Isr'el*'s God have ſeen.
4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their chearful Voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal Joy
reſound their Maker's Praiſe.
5 With Harp and Hymns ſoft Melody
into the Conſort bring,
6 The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornet's Sound,
before th' Almighty King.
7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
joyn Conſort with the Main.
8 With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams,
to ſpreading Torrents they;
And ecchoing Vales from Hill to Hill,
redoubling Shouts convey;
9 To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Juſtice come,
And, with impartial Equity,
both to reward and doom.

PSALM CIX.

1 *Jehovah* reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake;
On Cherub's Wings he ſits enthron'd:
let Earth's Foundations ſhake.
2 On *Sion*'s Hill he keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yer thence his Sov'reignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.
3 Let therefore All with Praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful Name;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs proclaim.

4 For Truth and Juſtice in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take place;
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to *Jacob*'s Race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs extol.
6 *Moſes* and *Aaron* thus of old
among his Prieſts ador'd;
Amongſt his Prophets *Samuel* thus
his ſacred Name implor'd.
Diſtreſt, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciouſly reply'd.
7 For, with their Camp, to guide their March,
the cloudy Pillar mov'd;
They kept his Laws, and to his Will
obedient Servants prov'd.
8 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his People for their ſake,
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd,
did ſad Examples make.
9 With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts
exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
alone ſhall be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, 2 WITH one conſent let all the Earth
To God their chearful Voices raiſe,
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
And ſing before him Songs of Praiſe.
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom chuſes for his own,
The Flock that he vouchſafes to feed.
4 O enter then his Temple Gate,
Thence to his Courts devoutly preſs,

And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
And ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.
5 For he's the Lord ſupremely good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure;
His Truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CI.

1 OF Mercy's never-failing Spring;
And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing;
And ſince they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
2 When Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs Life my ſelf I'll make
A Pattern for my Court to take.
3 No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make that do.
4 Who to Reproof bear no Regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.
5 The private Slanderer ſhall be
In publick Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortifie the Heart of Pride.
6 But Honeſty, call'd from her Cell,
In Splendour at my Court ſhall dwell:
Who Vertue's Practice make their Care.
Shall have the firſt Preferment there.
7 No Politicks ſhall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend:
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe
By flat'ring or malicious Lies.
8 All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, till none remain
God's holy City to profane.

PSALM CII.

1 WHen I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend;

To

To thy eternal Throne of Grace
let my ſad Cry aſcend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face
in Time of deep Diſtreſs,
Incline thine Ear, and when I call,
my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.
3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life,
like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;
My ſhriv'led Bones are like a Hearth
parch'd with continual Fires.
4 My Heart, like Graſs that feels the Blaſt
of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce
my needful Food I mind.
5 By reaſon of my ſad Eſtate,
I ſpend my Breath in Groans:
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.
6 I'm like a Pelican become,
that does in Deſarts mourn:
Or like an Owl that ſits all Day
in hollow Trees forlorn.
7 In Watching or in reſtleſs Dreams
the Night by me is ſpent;
As by thoſe ſolitary Birds
that loanſome Roofs frequent.
8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn;
Who, all poſſeſt with furious Rage,
have my Deſtruction ſworn.
9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppreſt with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,
my Drink is mix'd with Tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double Weight
thy heavy Wrath does lie;
For thou to make my Fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.

11 My Days juſt haſt'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning Shade;
My Beauty does, like wither'd Graſs,
with waneing Luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal State, O Lord,
no Length of Time ſhall waſte;
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works
from Age to Age ſhall laſt.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and *Sion* view
with an unclouded Face;
For now her Time is come, thy own
appointed Time of Grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd Ruins, by thy Saints
with pity are ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires
in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid.
15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord
all Heathen Kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall *Sion* build again,
and in full State appear.
17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt Pray'r;
Our Sons, for this recorded Grace,
ſhall his juſt Praiſe declare.
19 For God from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams diſplay'd;
The Lord from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,
has all the Earth ſurvay'd.
20 He liſten'd to the Captives Moans,
he heard their mournful Cry,
And freed, by his reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
the Wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they, in *Sion* where he dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City ſing
loud Praiſes of his Name.
22 When all the Tribes, aſſembling there,
their ſolemn Vows addreſs,

And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Conſent,
the Lord their God confeſs.
23 But e're my Race is run, my Strength
through his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful Days.
24 Lord, end not thou my Life, ſaid I,
when Half is ſcarcely paſt;
Thy Years, from wordly Changes free,
to endleſs Ages laſt.
25 The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth
of old by thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made.
26, 27 Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
They ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And, like a Garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their Change,
to thy Command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame;
nor have thy Years and End.
28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints
ſhalt laſting Quiet give;
Whoſe happy Race, ſecurely fixt,
ſhall in thy Preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 MY Soul, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bleſs,
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound;
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good Things my Mouth ſupplies,
My Vigour, Eagle-like renews;
He when the guiltleſs Suff'rer cries,
His Foe with juſt Revenge purſues.

7 God

7 God made of old his righteous Ways
To *Moſes* and our Fathers known:
His Works, to his Eternal Praiſe,
Were to the Sons of *Jacob* ſhown.
8 The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampl'd Acts of Grace;
His waken'd Wrath does ſlowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his Anger quickly part;
And loves his Puniſhments to guide
More by his Love than our Deſert.
11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends
Above this little Spot of Clay;
So much his boundleſs Love tranſcends
The ſmall Reſpects that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
So far has he our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breaſt
Has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God, who all our Frame ſurveys,
Conſiders that we are but Clay;
How freſh ſo'er we ſeem, our Days
Like Graſs or Flowers muſt fade away;
16, 17 Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden Blaſts,
Nor can we find the former place;
God's faithful Mercy ever laſts,
To thoſe that fear him, and their Race.
18 This ſhall attend on ſuch as ſtill
Proceed in his appointed Way;
And who not only know his Will,
But to it juſt Obedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the univerſal King,
In Heav'n has fixt his lofty Throne:
To him, ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great Strength his Pow'r is ſhown.
Ye that his juſt Commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred Will;

21 Ye Hosts of his, this Tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry Creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express;
And in this Consort bear thy Part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLess God, my Soul; thou, Lord, alone
Possessest Empire without Bounds;
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majesty surrounds.
2 With Light thou do'st thy self enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take,
Heaven's Curtains stretch beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.
3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace-Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The swift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as Flame, as swift as Wind,
His Ministers Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their sundry Tasks assign'd;
All proud to serve their Sov'reign's Will.
5, 6 Earth, on her Center fixt, he set,
Her Face with Waters over-spread;
Nor proudest Mountains dar'd as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.
7 But when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' insulting Waves dispers'd, they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
And by their Haste confess'd their Dread.
8 Thence up by secret Tracts they creep,
And, gushing from the Mountains Side,
Thro' Valleys travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.
9 There hast thou fixt the Ocean's Bounds,
The threatning Surges to repel;
That they no more o'er-pass their Mounds,
Nor to a second Deluge swell.

PART II.

10 Yet thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her loſt Hills,
And ſtarting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills,
11 The Field's tame Beaſts are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought,
And Aſſes wild on Mountains bred,
Have Senſe to find theſe Currents out.
12 Their ſhady Trees from ſcorching Beams,
Yield ſhelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.
13 His Rains from Heav'n, parcht Hills recruit,
That ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store;
Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.
14 Graſs, for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the Growth of every Field;
Herbs, for Man's Uſe of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Phyſick yield.
15 With cluſter'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
To chear Man's Heart oppreſt with Cares;
Gives Oyl that makes his Face to ſhine,
And Corn that waſted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The Trees of God, without the Care
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed;
The Mountain-Cedar looks as fair
As thoſe in Royal Gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms,
The Wand'rers of the Air may reſt:
The Hoſpitable Pine from Harms
Protects the Stork, her Pious Gueſt.
18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
It's tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebler Creatures Refuge take.

19 The

19 The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed Seaſons of the Year;
Th' inſtructed Sun his Duty knows,
His Hours to riſe, and diſappear.
20, 21 Darkneſs he makes the Earth to ſhroud,
When Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young Lyons roar their Wants aloud
To Providence that ſends 'em Prey.
22 They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
'Till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To skulk in Dens, with one Conſent,
The conſcious Ravagers return.
23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Husbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repoſe.
24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found!
For which thy Wiſdom we adore;
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd,
'Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

25 But ſtill, the vaſt unfathom'd Main,
Of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain
Of every Form and every Size.
26 Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmoleſted way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, has Compaſs there to play.
27 Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land,
In Senſe of common Want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their Trouble to provide,
Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe,
The craving World is all ſupply'd.

29 Thou

29 Thou for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn;
Thou tak'ſt their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother Earth return.
30 Again thou ſends thy Spirit forth,
T' inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent-Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.
31 Thus through ſucceſſive Ages ſtands
Firm fixt thy Providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.
32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breaſt with Terror fills;
One Touch from thee, with Clouds of Smoak,
In Darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt Hills.
33 In praiſing God, while he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;
34 And join Devotion to my Songs
Sincere as in him my Joy.
35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praiſe thou his holy Name,
'Till, with my Song, the liſt'ning World
Joyn Conſort, and his Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

1 O Render Thanks, and bleſs the Lord,
invoke his ſacred Name;
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his matchleſs Deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his Praiſe, in lofty Hymns
his wond'rous Works rehearſe;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
and Subject of your Verſe.
3 Rejoyce in his Almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
devoutly ſtill implore;

And

And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his Face for evermore.
5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in Mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us aſſign'd.
6 Know ye his Servant *Abraham*'s Seed,
and *Jacob*'s choſen Race.
7 He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the Earth take place.
8 His Cov'nant he hath kept in Mind
for num'rous Ages paſt,
Which yet for thouſand Ages more,
in equal Force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd to *Abr'am*, next by Oath
to *Iſaac* made ſecure;
10 To *Jacob* and his Heirs, a Law
for ever to endure.
11 That *Canaan*'s Land ſhould be their Lot,
when yet but few they were;
12 But few in number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs Strangers there.
13 In Pilgrimage from Realm to Realm,
ſecurely they remov'd;
14 Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs for their ſakes,
ſeverely he reprov'd;
15 "Theſe mine anointed are, ſaid he,
"let none my Servants wrong,
"Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill,
"that does to me belong.
16 A Death at laſt, by his Command,
did thro' the Land prevail;
Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
ſuſtaining Corn did fail.
17 But his indulgent Providence
had pious *Joſeph* ſent,
Sold into *Ægypt*, but, their Death,
who ſold him, to prevent

18 His

18 His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd,
with Calumny his Fame;
19 'Till God's appointed Time and Word
to his Deliv'rance came.
30 The King his ſov'reign Orders ſent,
and reſcu'd him with ſpeed,
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
21 His Court, Revenues, Realm, were all
ſubjected to his Will;
22 His greateſt Princes to controul,
and teach his Stateſmen Skill.

PART II.

23 To *Egypt* then, invited Gueſts,
half famiſh'd *Iſr'el* came;
And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.
24 Th' Almighty there with ſuch Increaſe
his People multiply'd,
'Till with their proud Oppreſſors they
in Strength and Number vy'd.
25 Their vaſt Increaſe th' *Egyptians* Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
Till they his Servants to deſtroy
by treach'rous Arts conſpir'd.
26 His Servant *Moſes* then he ſent,
his choſen *Aaron* too;
27 Empower'd with Signs and Miracles
to prove their Miſſion true.
28 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew;
29 Each Stream and Lake transform'd to Blood,
the wond'ring Fiſhes ſlew.
30 In putrid Floods throughout the Land,
the Peſt of Frogs was bred;
From noiſom Fens ſent up to croake
at *Pharaoh*'s Board and Bed.
31 He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down in cloudy Hoſts;

Whilſt

Whilſt Earth's enliven'd Duſt below
bred Lice through all their Coaſts.
32 He ſent 'em batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew.
33 He ſmote their Vines, and Forreſt Plants,
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.
34 He ſpake the Word, and Locuſts came,
with Caterpillars joyn'd:
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.
35 From Trees to Herbage they deſcend,
no verdant Thing they ſpare;
But, like the naked Fallow Field,
leave all the Paſtures bare.
36 From Fields to Villages and Towns,
commiſſion'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal Stroke their eldeſt Hopes,
and Strength of *Egypt* ſlew.
37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with *Egypt*'s borrow'd Wealth;
And, what tranſcends all Treaſures elſe,
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.
38 *Egypt* rejoyc'd, in Hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills
by thoſe already prov'd.
39 Their ſhrouding Canopy by Day
a journeying Cloud was ſpread;
A firey Pillar all the Night,
their Deſart-Marches led.
40 They long'd for Fleſh; with Ev'ning Quails
he furniſh'd ev'ry Tent;
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels ſent.
41 He ſmote the Rock; whoſe flinty Breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing Tide,
Whoſe following Stream, where'er they march'd,
the Deſart's Drought ſupply'd.

42 For ſtill he then on *Abr'am*'s Faith
and ancient League reflect;
43 He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph his Elect:
44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes,
from *Canaan*'s fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Poſſeſſion gave
the Fruit of other's Toil;
45 That they his Statutes might obſerve,
his ſacred Laws obey:
For Benefits ſo vaſt let us
our Songs of Praiſe repay.

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm thro' Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2 Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?
3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray;
Who know what's right, nor only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.
4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.
5 O! may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity!
That I the joyful Choir may joyn,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect ſuch Grace,
Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score.
7 Ingreatful, they no longer thought
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;

The

The Red-Sea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe Diſtruſt renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came;
To make his Sovereign Pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.
9 To Right and Left at his command,
The parting Deep diſclos'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay,
As through ſome parch'd and deſart Way.
10 Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were,
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their Rear;
11 Whoſe Rage purſu'd 'em to thoſe Waves,
That prov'd the raſh Purſuer's Graves.
12 The watry Mountains ſudden Fall
O'erwhelms proud *Pharaoh*, Hoſt and all:
This Proof did ſtupid *Iſrael* move
To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

PART II.

13 But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counſel waited not:
14 But luſting in the Wilderneſs,
Did him with freſh Temptations preſs.
15 Strong Food at their requeſt he ſent,
But made their Sin their Puniſhment.
16 Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe,
The Prieſt and Prophet whom he choſe.
17 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her Vengeful Jaws extending wide,
Raſh *Dathan* to her Centre drew,
With proud *Abiram*'s factious Crew.
18 The Reſt of thoſe who did conſpire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire.
With all their impious Train became
A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.
19 Near *Horeb*'s Mount, a Calf they made,
And to the Molten Image pray'd;

20 Adoring what their Hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
22 His Signs in *Ham*'s aſtoniſh'd Coaſt,
And where proud *Pharaoh*'s Troops were loſt.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand he rear'd,
But *Moſes* in the Breach appear'd;
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heaven's kindled Wrath away.
24 Yet they his pleaſant Land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated Promiſe priz'd;
25 Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey;
But when God ſaid, *Go up*, would ſtay.
26 This ſeal'd their Doom, without Redreſs
To periſh in the Wilderneſs;
27 Or elſe to be by Heathen Hands
O'erthrown, and ſcatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

28 Yet, unreclaim'd, this ſtubborn Race
Baalpeor's Worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious Gueſts, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29 Thus they perſiſted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroak.
'Tis come: —— the deadly Peſt is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.
30 But *Phineas*, fir'd with holy Rage,
(Th' Almighty's Vengeance to aſſwage)
Did, by two bold Offenders Fall,
Th' Atonement make, that ranſom'd *All*.
31 As him a Heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Prieſthood he ſo well did grace.
32 At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who *Moſes* for their Sakes reprov'd;
33 Whoſe patient Soul they did provoke,
'Till raſhly the meek Prophet ſpoke.

34 Not

34 Nor when poſſeſs'd of *Canaan*'s Land,
Did they perform their Lord's Command;
Nor his commiſſion'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to deſtroy.
35 Not only ſpar'd the Pagan Crew,
But mingling, learnt their Vices too;
36 And Worſhip to thoſe Idols paid,
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
37, 38 To Devils they did ſacrifiſe
Their Children, with relentleſs Eyes;
Approach'd the Altars thro' a Flood
Of their own Son's and Daughter's Blood:
No cheaper Victims would appeaſe
Canaan's remorſeleſs Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did theſe ſavage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates ſuffice;
For after their Heart's Luſt they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.
40 But Sins of ſuch infernal Hue,
God's Wrath againſt his People drew;
'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhorr'd.
41 He them defenceleſs did expoſe
To their inſulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of thoſe who bore them greateſt Hate.
42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd,
Their Liſt of Tyrants he increas'd;
'Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vaſſals of Mankind.
43 Yet, when diſtreſs'd, they did repent,
His Anger did as oft relent.
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.

44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;
45 But did to mind his Promiſe bring,
And Mercy's inexhauſted Spring.
46 Compaſſion too he did impart,
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred
In thoſe who them to Bondage led.
47 Still ſave us, Lord, and *Iſrael*'s Bands
Together bring from Heathen Lands:
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raiſe,
And ever triumph in thy Praiſe.
48 Let *Iſrael*'s God be ever bleſs'd,
His Name eternally confeſs'd;
Let all his Saints with full Accord
Sing loud *Amens*—— *Praiſe ye the Lord.*

PSALM CVII.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raiſe,
Who does your daily Patron prove,
And let your never-ceaſing Praiſe
Attend on his eternal Love.
2, 3 Let thoſe give Thanks, whom he from Bands
Of proud oppreſſing Foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant Lands,
From North, and South, and Weſt, and Eaſt.
4, 5 Through lonely deſart Ways they went,
Nor could a peopled City find;
'Till quite with Thirſt and Hunger ſpent,
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.
6 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.
7 From crooked Paths he led them forth,
And in the certain Way did guide
To wealthy Towns of great Reſort,
Where all their Wants were full ſupply'd.

8 O then that all the Earth with me
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe,
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
9 For he from Heav'n the ſad Eſtate
Of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
His Goodneſs daily Food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with Darkneſs compaſs'd round,
In Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unweildy Fetters bound,
By preſſing Cares more heavy made;
11, 12 Becauſe God's Counſel they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With theſe Afflictions they were try'd;
They fell, and none could Help afford:
13 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear,
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs;
14 From diſmal Dungeons dark as Night,
And Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcome Liberty beſtow'd.
15 O then that all the Earth with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe;
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout th' wond'ring World diſplays;
16 For he with his Almighty Hand
The Gates of Braſs in Pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy Bars withſtand,
Or temper'd Steel reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorſeleſs Wretches, void of Senſe,
With bold Tranſgreſſion God defie;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
Oppreſs'd with ſore Diſeaſes lie:

18 Their Soul a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to eat the choiceſt Meat;
And they by faint Degrees draw near
To Death's inhoſpitable Gate.
19 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear,
Do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs!
20 He all their ſad Diſtempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all human Succour fails,
From near Deſtruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe,
And for the mighty Work which he
Throughout the Wond'ring World diſplays!
22 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
Whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs,
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his Acts of Wonder bleſs!

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships with Courage bold
O'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue,
Do God's amazing Works behold,
And in the Deep his Wonders view.
25 No ſooner his Command is paſt,
But forth a dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte,
And makes the ſtormy Billows riſe:
26 Sometimes the Ships toſs'd up to Heav'n,
On Tops of mounting Waves appear;
Then down the ſteep Abyſs are driv'n,
Whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with Fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſs'd,
Nor do the skilful Seamen know,
Which Way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.
28 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry addreſs;

Who

Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging Storm appeaſe,
And makes the Billows calm and ſtill;
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe;
And their intended Courſe fulfil.
31 O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
Advance to Heav'n his Glorious Name,
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court,
With one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim!

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's juſt Revenge, if People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parch and deſart Heath he makes
To flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells;
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.
37, 38 He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
39 But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
His Health and Subſtance fade away;
He feels th' Oppreſſor's galling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.
40 The Prince who ſlights what God commands,
Expos'd to Scorn, muſt quit his Throne;
And over wide and deſart Lands,
Where no Path offers, ſtray alone.
41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs
With his increaſing Flocks to vie.

18 Their Soul a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to eat the choiceſt Meat;
And they by faint Degrees draw near
To Death's inhoſpitable Gate.
19 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear,
Do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs!
20 He all their ſad Diſtempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all human Succour fails,
From near Deſtruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe,
And for the mighty Work which he
Throughout the Wond'ring World diſplays!
22 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
Whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs,
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his Acts of Wonder bleſs!

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships with Courage bold
O'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue,
Do God's amazing Works behold,
And in the Deep his Wonders view.
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But forth a dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte,
And makes the ſtormy Billows riſe:
26 Sometimes the Ships toſs'd up to Heav'n,
On Tops of mounting Waves appear;
Then down the ſteep Abyſs are driv'n,
Whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with Fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſs'd,
Nor do the skilful Seamen know,
Which Way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.
28 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry addreſs;

Who

Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging Storm appeaſe,
And makes the Billows calm and ſtill;
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe;
And their intended Courſe fulfil.
31 O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
Advance to Heav'n his Glorious Name,
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court,
With one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim!

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's juſt Revenge, if People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
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To flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells;
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.
37, 38 He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
39 But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
His Health and Subſtance fade away;
He feels th' Oppreſſor's galling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.
40 The Prince who ſlights what God commands,
Expos'd to Scorn, muſt quit his Throne;
And over wide and deſart Lands,
Where no Path offers, ſtray alone.
41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs
With his increaſing Flocks to vie.

42, 43 Then Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
The Juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;
The Wiſe theſe ſtrange Events ſhall weigh,
And thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O God, my Heart is fully bent,
to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praiſe,
ſhall celebrate thy Fame.
2 Awake my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy,
prevent the dawning Day.
3 To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell,
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe,
that round about us dwell:
4 Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height
the higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds,
thy faithful Truth extends.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the ſtarry Frame;
And let the World, with one Conſent,
confeſs thy Glorious Name.
6 That all thy choſen People Thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy Right-hand protect me ſtill,
and anſwer thou my Pray'r,
7 Since God himſelf hath ſaid the Word,
whoſe Promiſe cannot fail;
With Joy I *Shechem* ſhall divide,
and meaſure *Succoth*'s Vale;
8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manaſſeh* too,
and *Ephraim* owns my Cauſe;
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r ſupports,
and *Judah* gives my Laws;
9 *Moab* I'll make my ſervile Drudge,
on vanquiſh'd *Edom* tread;

And

And through the proud *Philiſtine* Lands
my conqu'ring Banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe Support and Aid ſhall I
their well-fenc'd City gain;
Who will my Troops ſecurely lead
thro' *Edom*'s guarded Plain?
11 Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our Arms,
which late thou did'ſt forſake?
And wilt not thou, of theſe our Hoſts,
once more the Guidance take.
12 O! to thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
thy ſpeedy Succour ſend:
For vain it is on human Aid
for Safety to depend.
13 Then valiant Acts ſhall we perform,
If thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O God whoſe former Mercies make
my conſtant Praiſe thy Due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my ſad State
with wonted Favour view.
2 For ſinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their ſtudied Slanders ſeek
to wound thy ſpotleſs Fame.
3 Their reſtleſs Hatred prompts them ſtill
malicious Lyes to ſpread;
And all againſt my Life combine,
by cauſeleſs Fury led.
4 Thoſe whom with tend'reſt Love I us'd,
my chief Oppoſers are;
Whilſt I, of other Friends bereft,
reſort to thee by Pray'r.
5 Since Miſchief, for the Good I did,
their ſtrange Reward does prove;
And Hatred's the Return they make
for undiſſembl'd Love.

9 Their

6 Their guilty Leader ſhall be made
To ſome ill Man a Slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
for his Accuſer have.
7 His Grief, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
ſhall meet a dreadful Fate;
Whilſt his rejected Pray'r but ſerves
his Crimes to aggravate.
8 He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate,
ſha'n't live out half his Days;
Another, by Divine Decree,
ſhall on his Office ſeize.
9, 10 His Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wife
a Widow plung'd in Grief;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.
11 His ill-got Riches ſhall be made
to Uſurers a Prey:
The Fruit of all his Toil ſhall be
by Strangers born away.
12 None ſhall be found that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend,
Or to his helpleſs Orphan-Seed
the leaſt Aſſiſtance lend.
13 A ſwift Deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize
on his unhappy Race;
And the next Age his hated Name
ſhall utterly deface.
14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins
upon his Head ſhall fall;
God on his Mother's Crimes ſhall think,
and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe in horrid Order rank'd,
before the Lord ſhall ſtand;
'Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
their Mem'ry from the Land.

PART II.

16 Becauſe he never Mercy ſhew'd,
but ſtill the Poor oppreſs'd;

And

And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs Man,
with heavy Woes diſtreſs'd.
17 Therefore the Curſe he lov'd to vent,
ſhall his own Portion prove;
And Bleſſing, which he ſtill abhorr'd,
ſhall far from him remove.
18 Since he in curſing took ſuch Pride,
like Water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his Veins, and ſtick like Oyl
with which his Bones are fed.
19 This, like a poyſon'd Robe ſhall ſtill
his conſtant Cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd Blot, from which
he never ſhall be free.
20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe
that ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe Reports
againſt my Life combine.
21 But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me;
And for thy glorious Mercy's ſake,
preſerve and ſet me free.
22 For I, to utmoſt Straits reduc'd,
am void of all Relief:
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs,
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
23 I, like an Ev'ning Shade decline,
which vaniſhes apace;
Like Locuſts, up and down I'm toſs'd,
and have no certain Place.
24, 25 My Knees with Faſting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads,
and treat me with Diſdain.
26, 27 But for thy Mercy's ſake, O Lord,
do thou my Foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thine own Act,
the Work of thy Right-Hand.

28 Then

28 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoyce in Thee.
29 My Foe ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd,
and, ſpite of all his Pride,
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.
30 But I to God in greateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raiſe;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble Praiſe.
31 For him the Poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant Friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltleſs Souls defend.

PSALM CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake,
" Till I thy Foes thy Footſtool make,
" Sit thou in State, at my Right-hand;
2 " Supreme in *Sion* thou ſhalt be,
" And all thy proud Oppoſers ſee
" Subjected to thy juſt Command.
3 Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
" The willing Nations ſhall obey,
" And when thy riſing Beams they view,
" Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
" Appear as numberleſs and bright
As Cryſtal Drops of Morning Dew.
4 The Lord hath ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
That, like *Melchizedech*'s, thy Reign
And Prieſthood ſhall no Period know:
5 No proud Competitor to ſit
At thy Right-hand will he permit;
But in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow,
6 The ſentenc'd Heathen he ſhall ſlay,
And fill with Carcaſſes his Way,
Till he hath ſtruck Earth's Tyrants dead,

7 But

7 But in the high way Brooks ſhall firſt,
Like a poor Pilgrim, ſlack his Thirſt,
And then in Triumph raiſe his Head.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, our God to praiſe
My ſoul her utmoſt Power raiſe,
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints, his Praiſe ſhall be my Song.
2 His Works, for Greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.
3 His Works are all of matchleſs Fame,
And univerſal Glory claim;
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages paſt
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.
4 By Precepts he has us enjoyn'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in mind;
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servant's Wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in mind,
His Cov'nant with our Father ſign'd.
6 At once aſtoniſh'd and o'rejoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs Pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we their Heritage poſſeſs'd.
7 Juſt are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands;
8 By Truth and Equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
9 He ſet his Saints from Bondage free,
And then eſtabliſh'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the ſame;
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name.
10 Who Wiſdom's ſacred Prize would win,
Muſt with the Fear of God begin;

Immor-

Immortal Praiſe, and Heav'nly Skill
Have they who know, and do his Will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THat Man is bleſs'd who ſtands in Awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred Law.
2 His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.
3 His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted Treaſury;
His Juſtice free from all Decay,
Shall Bleſſings to his Heirs convey.
4 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night:
To pity the Diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.
5 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.
6 Beſet with threatning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground.
The ſweet Rememb'rance of the Juſt,
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in Duſt.
7 Ill Tidings never can ſurprize
His Heart, that ſtill on God relies:
8 On Safety's Rock he ſits and ſees
The Shipwrack of his Enemies.
9 His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd,
Whence he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
10 The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony;
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vaniſh with themſelves away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record,

2 His

2 His ſacred Name for ever bleſs.
3 Where e'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams, or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.
4 God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day,
But Shadows of his Glory are.
5 To him whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Earth in which he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.
6 Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view
In higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchſafes his Care:
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.
7 When childleſs Families deſpair,
He ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
To reſcue their expiring Name;
Makes her, that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear:
O then extol his matchleſs Fame!

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHen *Iſr'el* by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their Oppreſſors Spoil)
From *Egypt* march'd; and *Jacob*'s Seed
From Bondage in a foreign Soil.
2 *Jehovah* for his Reſidence,
Choſe out imperial *Judah*'s Tent,
His Manſion Royal, and from thence
Thro' *Iſr'el*'s Camp his Orders ſent.
3 The diſtant Sea with Terror ſaw,
And from th' Almighty's Preſence fled;
Old *Jordan*'s Streams, ſurpriz'd with Awe,
Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
4 The taller Mountains skipp'd, like Rams
When Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills skipp'd after them, like Lambs
Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why *Jordan*, againſt Nature's Law,
Recoild'ſt thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6 Why Mountains did ye skip like Rams,
When Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after ye the Hills, like Lambs
When they their Leader's Flight behold?
7 Earth tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear
Thy Lord and Maſter's Face to ſee;
When *Jacob*'s awful God draws near,
'Tis time for Earth and Seas to flee:
8 To flee from God, who Nature's Law
Confirms and cancels at his Will;
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,
And thirſty Vales with Water fill.

PSALM CXV.

1 LOrd, not to us, we claim no Share,
but to thy ſacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's ſake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2 Why ſhould the Heathen cry, where's now
the God whom we adore?
3 Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
4 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands:
5 With ſpeechleſs Mouth, and ſightleſs Eyes,
the molten Idol ſtands.
6 The Pageant has both Ears and Noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
7 Its Hands and Feet nor feel nor move,
no Life within it dwells.
8 Such ſenſeleſs Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like 'em find;
But thoſe who on their Help rely,
and them for God's deſign'd.
9 O *Iſr'el* make the Lord your Truſt,
who is your Help and Shield;

10 Prieſts,

10 Prieſts, Levites, truſt in him alone,
who only Help can yield.
11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear rely;
Who them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants ſupply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and *Iſr'el*'s Houſe will bleſs;
Prieſts, Levites, Proſelytes, ev'n All
who his great Name confeſs.
14 On you, and on your Heirs, he will
Increaſe of Bleſſings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this Almighty King.
16 Heav'n's higheſt Orb of Glory, he
his Empire's Seat deſign'd,
And gave this lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.
17 They who in Death and Silence ſleep,
to him no Praiſe afford:
18 But we will bleſs for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love
intirely is poſſeſt,
Becauſe the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear
the Voice of my Requeſt.
2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the Straits of Life
to him addreſs my Pray'r.
3 With deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
with Pains of Hell oppreſs'd,
When Troubles ſeiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguiſh rack'd my Breaſt;
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my Soul
with Sorrows quite diſmay'd

5, 6 How just and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the Harmless, and to me
does timely Help afford.
7 Then free from pensive Cares, my Soul,
resume thy wonted Rest;
For God has wond'rously to thee
his boundless Love express'd.
8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my Danger and my Fears;
My Feet from falling he secur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9 Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
which God to me shall lend,
Will I, in Praises to his Name,
and in his Service spend.
10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him
in greatest Straits did boast;
For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid
from faithless Man were lost:
12, 13 Then what Return to him shall I
for all his Goodness make?
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal
the Cup of Blessing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my Vows amongst his Saints,
whose Blood (howe'er despis'd
By wicked Men) in God's Account
is always highly priz'd.
16 By various Ties, O Lord, must I
to thy Dominion bow,
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ransom'd Captive now!
17, 18 To thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praise;
and whilst I bless thy Name,
The just Performance of my Vows
to all thy Saints proclaim.
19 They in *Jerusalem* shall meet,
and in thy House shall join,

To

To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent;
and mix their Songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 WIth chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe;
Let all, inſpir'd with godly Mirth,
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe.
2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thahkful *Iſr'el* ſay.
3, 4 Their Senſe of his eternal Love
let *Aaron*'s Houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord confeſs.
5 To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
6 Since therefore God does on my Side
ſo graciouſly appear;
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear?
7 Since God, with thoſe that aid my Cauſe,
vouchſafes my Part to take;
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,
a juſt Return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greateſt humane Pow'r
for Safety to depend.
10, 11 Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round;

Yet, by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
12 They ſwarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze:
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with Eaſe.
13 When all united preſs'd me hard,
in Hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my part,
and ſav'd me from them all.
14 The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
he only claims my Songs.
15 Joy fills the Dwelling of the Juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to paſs
by his Almighty Arm.
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
has endleſs Honour won;
The ſaving Strength of his Right-hand
amazing Works has done.
17 God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.
18 When God had ſorely me chaſtiz'd,
'till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.
19 Then open wide the Temple Gates,
to which the Juſt repair;
That I may enter in, and praiſe
my great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within thoſe Gates of God's Abode,
to which the Righteous preſs,
Since thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,
thy holy Name I'll bleſs.

22, 23 That

22, 23 That which the Builders once refus'd
is now the Corner-Stone;
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.
24, 25 This Day is God's; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
and make us ſtill rejoyce.
26 Him that approaches in God's Name,
let all th' Aſſembly bleſs;
" We that belong to God's own Houſe
" have wiſh'd you good Succeſs.
27 God is the Lord, thro' whom we all
both Light and Comfort find;
Faſt to the Altar's Horns, with Cords,
the choſen Victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy Name;
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
29 O then, with me, give Thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
be endleſs as his Love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 HOW bleſt are they who always keep
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the ſacred Paths
of God's Commandments ſtray!
2 How bleſt! who to his righteous Laws
have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Zeal
his Favour ſought to win!
3 Such Men their utmoſt Caution uſe
to ſhun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he directs,
with conſtant Care proceed.

4 Thou ſtrictly has enjoyn'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred Will,
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.
5 O then that thy moſt holy Will,
might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I the Courſe of all my Life
by thy Direction guide!
6 Then with Aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.
7 My upright Heart ſhall my glad Mouth
with chearful Praiſes fill;
When, by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I ſhall have learnt thy Will.
8 So to thy ſacred Laws ſhall I
all due Obſervance pay;
O then forſake me not, my God,
nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9 How ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways,
from all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life
with thy Commands agree.
10 With hearty Zeal for Thee I ſeek,
to Thee for Succour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs Steps
from thy right Paths to ſtray.
11 Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid,
thy Word, my Treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid,
when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name:
O teach me then by thy juſt Laws
my future Life to frame.
13 My Lips unlock'd by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd,

How

How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deſerve our beſt Regard.
14 Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands
more ſolid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy juſt and upright Laws,
ſhall always fill my Mind;
And thoſe ſound Rules, which thou preſcrib'ſt,
all due Reſpect ſhall find.
16 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd
ſhall be my conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word
ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend:
That I, according to thy Word,
my future Time may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous Things, which they behold
who thy juſt Precepts learn.
19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight,
remove not thou away.
20 My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always, on the eager Search
of thy juſt Will, intent.
21 Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me, do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect
with undiſſembl'd Love.

23 Tho' Princes oft, in Counſel met,
against thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Buſ'neſs make.
24 For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn, with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My Soul, oppreſs'd with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Earth does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.
26 To thee I ſtill declare my Ways,
who didſt incline thine Ear:
O teach me then my future Life
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by their Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which thou haſt done
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28 But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks,
preſs'd down with weighty Care;
Do thou, according to thy Word,
my waſted Strength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all falſe Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd;
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the Path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.
31 My Care has been to make my Life,
with thy Commands agree;
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.
32 So in the Way of thy Commands
ſhall I with Pleaſure run,

And with a Heart, enlarg'd with Joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

H E.

33 Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths diſplay;
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go aſtray.
34 If thou true Wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous Heart;
35 Direct me in the ſacred Ways
to which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.
36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Deſire of Worldly Wealth
from thee my Thoughts divert.
37 From thoſe vain Objects, turn my Eyes,
which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.
38 Confirm thy Promiſe which thou mad'ſt,
And give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws
is awfully afraid.
39 The foul Diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in Mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'ſt,
are full of Grace and Love.
40 Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant;
O then make Haſte to raiſe me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

V A V.

41 Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow,
to chear my drooping Heart;

To

To me, according to thy Word,
thy ſaving Health impart.
42 So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Anſwer make:
" In God I truſt, who never will
" his faithful Promiſe break.
43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my Ground of ſtedfaſt Hope
thy juſt Decrees have prov'd.
44 So I, to keep thy righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my Time to come
in their Obſervance ſpend.
45 E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all Incumbrance free;
Since I reſolve to make my Life
with thy Commands agree.
46 Thy Laws ſhall be my conſtant Talk;
and Princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the Juſtice of thy Ways
with Confidence defend.
47 My longing Heart and raviſh'd Soul
ſhall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ;
48 Then will I to thy juſt Decrees
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Buſ'neſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy Commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me thy Word, on which
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
50 That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
did all my Griefs controul;
Thy Word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51 In-

51 Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my Hopes deride;
Yet from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
I quickly call'd to Mind;
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul
did ſpeedy Comfort find.
53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful Foes
have thy juſt Laws forſook.
54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees
my chearful Anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and Deſarts wild
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.
55 Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt Laws,
to guide my Steps aright.
56 That Peace of Mind which has my Soul
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will,
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou
and ſure Poſſeſſion art:
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to Treaſure in my Heart.
58 With all the Strength of warm Deſires,
I did thy Grace implore;
Diſcloſe according to thy Word,
thy Mercy's boundleſs Store.
59 With due Reflection and ſtrict Care
on all my Ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
60 I loſt no Time, but made great Haſte,
reſolv'd without Delay,

To

To watch, that I might never more
from thy Commandments ſtray.
61 Tho' num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet, I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in Mind.
62 In Dead of Night I will ariſe,
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.
63 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name
my ſelf I cloſely joyn;
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Commands reſign.
64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then exactly learn
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy Servant, thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord;
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd
according to thy Word.
66 Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.
67 Before Affliction ſtopt my Courſe,
my Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd
thy Precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
and all thou doſt is ſo;
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,
the ſaving Skill beſtow.
69 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lyes,
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
But my fix'd Heart, without Reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain.

70 While

70 While pamper'd they, with proſp'rous Ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſures live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight
but what thy Precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.
72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thouſand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the Workmanſhip
of thy Almighty Hands,
The heav'nly Underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt Commands.
74 My Preſervation to thy Saints
ſtrong Comfort will afford,
To ſee Succeſs attend my Hopes,
who truſted in thy Word.
75 That right thy Judgments are, I now
by ſure Experience ſee;
And that in Faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou haſt afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid;
According to thy Promiſe, Lord
to me, thy Servant, made.
77 To me thy ſaving Grace reſtore,
that I again my live;
Whoſe Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
78 Defeat the Proud, who, unprovok'd,
to ruin me have ſought,
Who only on thy ſacred Laws
employ my harmleſs Thought.
79 Let thoſe that fear thy Name, eſpouſe
my Cauſe, and thoſe alone

Who

Who have by ſtrict and pious Search
thy ſacred Precepts known.
80 In thy bleſt Statutes let my Heart
continue always ſound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinners Lot,
may never me confound.

C A P H.

81 My Soul with long Expectance faints
to ſee thy ſaving Grace;
Yet ſtill on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.
82 My very Eyes conſume and fail,
with waiting for thy Word!
O! when wilt thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford?
83 My Skin like ſhrivel'd Parchment ſhows,
that long in Smoke is ſet;
Yet no Affliction me can force
thy Statutes to forget.
84 How many Days muſt I endure
of Sorrow and Diſtreſs?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppreſs?
85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
that have no other Foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee,
and thy juſt Laws oppoſe.
86 With ſacred Truth's eternal Laws
all thy Commands agree;
Men perſecute me without Cauſe,
thou, Lord, my Helper be.
87 With cloſe Deſigns againſt my Life
they had almoſt prevail'd:
But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd:
88 Thy wonted Kindneſs, Lord, reſtore,
my drooping Heart to cheer:
That by thy righteous Statutes, I
my Life's whole Courſe may ſteer.

L A-

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou doſt remain;
Thy Word, eſtabliſh'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs ſuſtain.

90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the Earth, which thou uphold'ſt
by thy Almighty Hand.

91 All Things in Courſe by thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this Day fulfil;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.

92 Unleſs thy ſacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I muſt have fainted, and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.

93 Thy precepts therefore from my Thoughts,
ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou, by them, haſt to new Life
reſtor'd my dying Heart.

94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know,
and carefully perform.

95 The Wicked have their Ambuſh laid
my guiltleſs Life to take;
But in the midſt of Danger I
thy Word my Study make.

96 I've ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy Commandments, like thy ſelf,
no Change or Period know.

MEM.

97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can diſplay;
They with freſh Wonders entertain
my raviſh'd Thoughts all Day.

98 Thro' thy Commands I wiſer grow
than all my ſubtil Foes;
For thy ſure Word does me direct,
and all my Ways diſpoſe.
99 From me, thy former Teachers now
may abler Council take;
Becauſe thy ſacred Precepts I
my conſtant Study make.
100 In Underſtanding I excel
the Sages of our Days;
Becauſe by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.
101 My Feet with Care I have refrain'd
from every ſinful Way,
That to thy ſacred Word I might
entire Obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd
by vain Deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous Paths to tread.
103 How ſweet are all thy Words to me;
O what divine Repaſt!
How much more grateful to my Soul,
than Honey to my Taſte.
104 Taught by thy ſacred Precepts I
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt,
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
in which I ought to go.
106 I ſware, (and from my ſolemn Oath
will never ſtart aſide)
That in thy righteous Judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.
107 Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſt,
that I can bear no more,

According

According to thy Word, do thou
my fainting Soul restore.
108 Let still my my Sacrifice of Praise
with thee Acceptance find;
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
instruct my willing Mind.
109 Tho' ghastly Dangers me surround,
my Soul they cannot Awe,
Nor, with continual Terrors keep
from thinking on thy Law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate Foes
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts stray'd.
111 Thy Testimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoyce.
112 My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey;
And till my Course of Life is done,
shall keep thy upright Way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy Law Affection bear
too great to be expreſt.
114 My Hiding-place, my Refuge-Tow'r,
and Shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.
115 Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,
approach not my Abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger set me free,
Nor make me of those Hopes asham'd
that I repose on thee.

117 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from Diſtreſs;
To thy Decrees continually
my juſt Reſpects addreſs.
118 The Wicked thou haſt trod to Earth,
who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
Their vile Deceit the juſt Reward
of their own Falſewood made.
119 The Wicked from thy holy Land
thou do'ſt, like Droſs, remove;
I therefore with ſuch Juſtice charm'd,
thy Teſtimonies love:
120 Yet with that Love they make me dread,
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on Tranſgreſſors I behold
thy Judgments thus deſcend.

ZAIN.

121 Judgment and Juſtice I have lov'd;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
to my Oppreſſors Rage.
122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
and ſo ſhall this Diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the Proud
my guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.
123 My Eyes, alaſs! begin to fail,
in long Expectance held,
'Till thy Salvation they behold,
and righteous Word fulfill'd.
124 To me, thy Servant, in Diſtreſs,
thy wonted Grace diſplay;
And diſcipline my willing Heart
thy Statutes to obey.
125 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
thy ſacred Skill beſtow,
That of thy Teſtimonies I
the full Extent may know.
126 'Tis Time, high Time for thee, O Lord,
thy Vengeance to employ,

When

When Men with open Violence
Thy ſacred Laws deſtroy.
127 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands,
but makes their Value riſe
In my Eſteem, who pureſt Gold
compar'd with them deſpiſe.
128 Thy Precepts therefore I account
in all Reſpects divine,
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe Ways decline.

P E.

129 The Wonders which thy Law contain,
no Words can repreſent,
Therefore to learn and practiſe them,
my zealous Heart is bent.
130 The very Entrance to thy Word
cœleſtial Light diſplays;
And Knowlege of true Happineſs
to ſimple Minds conveys.
131 With eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainted with Deſire,
That of thy wiſe Commands I might
the ſacred Skill acquire.
132 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
who thy bleſt Name adore.
133 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any Kind
Dominion have o'er me.
134 Releaſe, entirely ſet me free
from perſecuting Hands,
That, unmoleſted, I may learn
and practiſe thy Commands.
135 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord make thy Face to ſhine;
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.

136 My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn
whence briny Rivers flow,
To ſee Mankind againſt thy Laws,
in bold Defiance go.

TSADI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may truſt;
And, like thy ſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all reſpects are juſt.

138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which thou didſt firſt decree;
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd,
ſucceeding Times ſhall ſee.

139 With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,
my Soul with Anguiſh frets,
To ſee my Foes contemn at once
thy Promiſes and Threats.

140 Yet each neglected Word of thine,
(howe'er by them deſpis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, pris'd.

141 Brought, for thy Sake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from All I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.

142 Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when Time it ſelf is paſt;
Thy Law is Truth it ſelf, that Truth
which ſhall for ever laſt.

143 Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts and Dread,
to compaſs me unite,
Beſet with Danger, ſtill I make
thy Precepts my Delight.

144 Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earneſt Cry;
And I thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O ſave me that I may
Thy Teſtimonies throughly know,
and ſteadfaſtly obey.
147 My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him, on whoſe engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.
148 With Zeal, have I awak'd before
the Midnight-watch was ſet,
That I of thy myſterious Word,
might perfect Knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour ſhew;
O quicken me, and ſo approve
thy Judgments ever true.
150 My perſecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law.
151 Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is,
thou Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whoſe Commands are righteous all,
thy Promiſes ſincere.
152 Concerning thy divine Decrees
my Soul has known of old,
That they were true, and ſhall their Truth
to endleſs Ages hold.

RESH

153 Conſider my Affliction, Lord,
and me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy Law.

154 Plead thou my Cauſe, to that and me
thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me,
according to thy Word.
155 From harden'd Sinners thou remov'ſt
Salvation far away;
'Tis juſt thou ſhould'ſt withdraw from them
who from thy Statutes ſtray.
156 Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all who thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes reſtore.
157 A num'rous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes
againſt my Life combine;
But all too few to force my Soul
thy Statutes to decline.
158 Thoſe bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious Pride
thy Cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.
159 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy Precepts love;
O therefore quicken me, with Beams
of Mercy from above.
160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has held through Ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cauſe,
conſpire my Blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred Word has Pow'r alone
to fill my Heart with Dread.
162 And yet that Word my joyful Breaſt
with heav'nly Rapture warms,
Nor Conqueſt, nor the Spoils of War,
have ſuch tranſporting Charms.
163 Perfideous Practices and Lies
I utterly deteſt;

But

But to thy Laws Affection bear,
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164 Sev'n Times a Day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.
165 Secure, ſubſtantial Peace have they
who truly love thy Law;
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.
166 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and, tho' ſo long delay'd,
With chearful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care
all thy Commands obey'd.
167 Thy Teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the Love I bore to them
thy Service eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict Obſervance of thy Laws
I never yet withdrew,
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret Ways
are open to thy View.

TAU.

169 To my Requeſt and earneſt Cry
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
according to thy Word.
170 Let my repeated Pray'r at laſt
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted Word,
for my Relief draw near.
171 Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praiſe,
When thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt Ways.
172 My Tougue the Praiſes of thy Word,
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

173 Let

173 Let thy Almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely Aid;
For I the Laws thou haſt ordain'd,
my Heart's free Choice have made.
174 My Soul has waited long to ſee
thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy heav'nly Laws, afford.
175 Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
my great Reſtorer's Praiſe;
Whoſe Juſtice from the Depth of Woes
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.
176 Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, till I
deſpair my Way to find;
Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant ſeek,
who keeps thy Law in Mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To reſcue me, oppreſs'd with Wrongs.
2 Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance ſend,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongue.
3 What little Profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfideous Tongue! to thee?
4 Thy Sting upon thy ſelf ſhall turn;
Of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.
5 But O! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
In barren *Meſech*'s deſert Soil!
With *Kedar*'s wicked Tents inclos'd
To lawleſs Savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.
6 My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others Harms.

7 Sweet

7 Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
They ſtraight cry out, *To Arms, to Arms.*

PSALM CXXI.

1 TO *Sion*'s Hill I lift my Eyes,
From thence expecting Aid;
2 From *Sion*'s Hill and *Sion*'s God,
who Heaven and Earth has made.
3 Then thou, my Soul, in Safety reſt,
thy Guardian will not ſleep;
4 His watchful Care that *Iſr'el* guards,
will *Iſr'el*'s Monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee
by Day or Night moleſt.
7 From common Accidents of Life
his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill:
8 From the blind Strokes of Chance, and Foes
that lie in wait to kill.
9 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage
ſafe to thy Journey's End.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up *Iſr'el*, to the Temple haſte,
and keep your Feſtal Day.
2 At *Salem*'s Courts we muſt appear
with our aſſembl'd Pow'rs,
3 In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd,
like her united Tow'rs.
4 'Tis thither, by Divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name, with Praiſe and Pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where Equity takes place;

There

There ſtands the Courts and Palaces
of Royal *David*'s Race.
6 O, pray we then for *Salem*'s Peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God!)
who bear true Love to thee.
7 May Peace within thy ſacred Wall
a conſtant Gueſt be found,
With Plenty and Proſperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.
8 For my dear Brethr'ns ſake, and Friends,
no leſs then Brethren dear,
I'll pray——May Peace in *Salem*'s Tow'rs
a conſtant Gueſt appear.
9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's ſake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, 2 ON thee, who dwell'ſt above the Skies,
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes,
As Servants watch their Maſters Hands,
And Maids their Miſtreſſes Commands.
3, 4 O then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford;
To us whom cruel Foes oppreſs,
Grown rich and proud by our Diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord (may *Iſr'el* ſay)
been pleas'd to interpoſe;
2 Had he not then eſpous'd our Cauſe
when Men againſt us roſe:
3, 4, 5 Their Wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without Controul;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.
6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who reſcu'd us that Day,

Nor

Nor to their ſavage Jaws give up
our threaten'd Lives a Prey.
7 Our Soul is like a Bird eſcap'd
from out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are croſs'd,
and we at Freedom ſet.
8 Secure in his Almighty Name,
our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
of both ſole Monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

1 WHO place in *Sion*'s God their Truſt,
like *Sion*'s Rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her immoveable be fixt
by his Almighty Hand.
2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side,
Jeruſalem incloſe,
So ſtands the Lord around his Saints,
to guard 'em from their Foes.
3 The Wicked may afflict the Juſt,
but ne'er too long oppreſs;
Nor force him by Deſpair to ſeek
baſe Means for his Redreſs.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
who righteous Deeds affect;
The Heart that innocence retains,
let Innocence protect.
5 All thoſe who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord will ſoon deſtroy;
Cut off th' Unjuſt, but crown the Saints
with laſting Peace and Joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHen *Sion*'s God her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It ſeem'd at firſt a pleaſing Dream
of what we wiſh'd to ſee.
2 But ſoon, in unaccuſtom'd Mirth
we did our Voice employ,

And

And ſung our great Reſtorer's Praiſe
in thankful Hymns of Joy.
Our Heathen Foes repining ſtood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work
our God for us had done.

3 'Twas great, ſay they; 'twas wond'rous great,
much more ſhould we confeſs;
The Lord has done great things, whereof
we reap the glad Succeſs.

4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of *Iſr'el*'s captive Bands,
More welcome than refreſhing Show'rs
to parch'd and thirſty Lands.

5 That we, whoſe Work commenc'd in Tears,
may ſee our Labours thrive,
'Till finiſh'd with Succeſs, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.

6 Tho' he deſpond that ſows his Grain,
yet doubtleſs he ſhall come,
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
the joyful Harveſt home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitleſs Coſt, unleſs
the Lord the Pile ſuſtain;
Unleſs the Lord the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain.

2 In vain we riſe before the Day,
and late to reſt repair,
Allow no Reſpite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care:
Supplies of Life, with Eaſe to them,
he on his Saints beſtows;
He crowns their Labour with Succeſs,
their Nights with ſound repoſe.

3 Children, thoſe Comforts of our Life,
are Preſents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
as Piety's Reward.

4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand,
when marching forth to War,
Ev'n ſo the Sons, of ſprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.
5 Happy the Man whoſe Quiver's fill'd
with theſe prevailing Arms;
He need not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE Man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
not only Worſhip pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
to his appointed Ways.
2 He ſhall upon the ſweet Returns
of his own Labour feed;
Without Dependance live, and ſee
his Wiſhes all ſucceed.
3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
Her lovely Fruit ſhall bring;
His Children, like young Olive-plants,
about his Table ſpring.
4 Who fears the Lord, ſhall proſper thus;
him *Sion*'s God ſhall bleſs;
5 And grant him all his Days to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.
6 He ſhall live on, 'till Heirs from him
deſcend with vaſt Increaſe;
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous State,
and more in *Iſr'el*'s Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FRom my Youth up, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd,
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plow'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long;
4 But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.

5 Defeat,

5 Defeat, Confuſion, ſhameful Rout,
be ſtill the Doom of thoſe,
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion*'s God oppoſe.
6 Like Corn upon our Houſes Tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much Heat and want of Root,
has blaſted in the Blade:
7 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves.
8 No Traveller that paſſes by,
vouchſafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Bleſſing on the Crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 FRom loweſt Depths of Woe,
to God I ſent my Cry;
2 Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and graciouſly reply.
3 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
who can the Tryal bear?
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.
5 My Soul with Patience waits
for thee, the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
thy never-failing Word.
6 My longing Eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning Watch
to ſpy the dawning Day.
7 Let *Iſr'el* truſt in God;
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows.
8 Whoſe friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;

A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe,
and waſh our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;
Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ
in Things for me too high.
2 With Infant Innocence thou know'ſt
I have myſelf demean'd;
Compos'd to Quiet, like a Babe
that from the Breaſt is wean'd.
3 Like me, let *Iſr'el* hope in God,
his Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever truſt in him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 LET *David*, Lord, a conſtant Place
in thy remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn Oath
to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom *Jacob*'s Sons adore,
3, 4 I will not go into mine Houſe,
nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;
5 Till for the Lord's deſign'd Abode,
I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
Till I a decent Place of Reſt
for *Jacob*'s God have found.
6 Th' appointed Place with Shouts of Joy,
at *Ephrata* we found,
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields
our glad Applauſe reſound.
7 O! with due Rev'rence let us then
to his Abode repair;

And proſtrate at his Footſtool fall n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant Place of Reſt;
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt.
9, 10 Cloath thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs,
make thou thy Saints rejoyce;
And for thy Servant *David*'s Sake,
hear thine Anointed's Voice.
11 God ſware to *David* in his Truth,
(nor ſhall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Off-ſpring after thee
upon thy Throne ſhall reign:
12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws ſubmit,
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.
13, 14 For *Sion* does, in God's Eſteem,
all other Seats excel;
His Place of everlaſting Reſt,
where he delights to dwell.
15, 16 Her Store, ſays he, I will increaſe,
her Poor with Plenty bleſs;
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts
my ſaving Health confeſs.
17 There *David*'s Pow'r ſhall long remain
in his ſucceſſive Line,
And my anointed Servant there
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
18 The Faces of his vanquiſh'd Foes
Confuſion ſhall o'er-ſpread;
Whilſt with confirm'd Succeſs his Crown
ſhall flouriſh on his Head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
how great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
in Offices of Love!

2 True

2 True Love is like that precious Oyl,
which, pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its coſtly Moiſture ſhed.
3 'Tis like refreſhing Dew, which does
on *Hermon*'s Top diſtil;
Or like the early Drops that fall
on *Sion*'s fruitful Hill.
4 For *Sion* is the choſen Seat,
where the Almighty King
The promis'd Bleſſing has ordain'd,
and Life's eternal Spring.

PSALM CXXXIV

1 BLeſs God, ye Servants that attend
upon his ſolemn Seat,
That in the Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait:
2, 3 Within his Houſe lift up your Hands,
and bleſs his holy Name;
From *Sion* bleſs thy *Iſr'el*, Lord
who Earth and Heav'n did frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 OPraiſe the Lord with one Conſent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praiſe proclaim.
2 Praiſe him all ye that in his Houſe
attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe that to his outmoſt Courts
With humble Zeal repair.
3 For this our trueſt Int'reſt is,
glad Hyms of Praiſe to ſing;
And with loud Songs to bleſs his Name,
a moſt delightful Thing.
4 For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of *Jacob* makes;
And *Iſr'el*'s Off-ſpring for his own
moſt valu'd Treaſure takes.

5 That God is great, we often have
by glad Experience found;
And ſeen how he with wond'rous Power
above all Gods is crown'd.
6 For he, with unreſiſted Strength,
performs his Sov'reign Will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
7 He raiſes Vapours from the Ground,
which poiz'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at laſt in Show'rs, thro' which
his dread'ful Lightnings glare:
8 He from his Store-houſe brings the Winds;
and he with vengeful Hand,
The Firſt-born ſlew of Man and Beaſt,
thro' *Egypt*'s mourning Land.
9 He dreadful Signs and Wonders ſhew'd
thro' ſtubborn *Egypt*'s Coaſts,
Nor *Pharaoh* could his Plagues eſcape,
nor all his num'rous Hoſts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various Nations ſmote,
and mighty Kings ſuppreſs'd;
Sihon and *Og*, and all beſides,
who *Canaan*'s Land poſſeſs'd.
12, 13 Their Land upon his choſen Race
he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame ſhall ever laſt,
his Praiſe ſhall never fail.
14 For God ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe
with pitying Eyes ſurvey;
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.
15 Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of Human Hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes;

Their

Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth ſupplies.
18 As ſenſeleſs as themſelves are they
that all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous Times
on them for Aid rely.
19 Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God,
let grateful *Iſr'el* pay;
Nor let the Prieſts of *Aaron*'s Race
to bleſs the Lord delay.
20 Their Senſe of his abounded Love
let *Levi*'s Houſe expreſs;
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord
his Name for ever bleſs:
21 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in *Sion*'s Court proclaim
Let them in *Salem*, where he dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat;
To him due Praiſe afford,
As good as he is great;
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.
2, 3 To him whoſe wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This greatful Homage pay:
For God, *&c.*
4, 5 By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to Perfection brought,
For God, *&c.*
6 He ſpreads the Ocean round
About the ſpacious Land;

And made the riſing Ground
Above the Waters ſtand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did diſplay
His num'rous Hoſts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He ſtruck the Firſt-born dead
Of *Egypt*'s ſtubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his reſiſtleſs Hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By Him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle Way,
Thro' which his People went.
For God, &c.

15 Where ſoon he overthrew
Proud *Pharaoh* and his Hoſt,
Who daring to purſue,
Were in the Billows loſt.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' Deſarts vaſt and wild
He led the choſen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 *Sihon*, whoſe potent Hand
Great *Ammon*'s Scepter ſway'd;
And *Og*, whoſe ſtern Command
Rich *Baſhan*'s Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Land whom he deſtroy'd,
He gave to *Iſr'el*'s Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the Food ſupply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal Praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we, our weary'd Limbs to reſt,
Sat down by proud *Euphrates* Stream,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppreſt,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.

2 Our Harps, when that with Joy we ſung,
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With ſilent Strings neglected hung
On Willow-trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conſpir'd
To triumph in our ſlaviſh Wrongs,
Muſick and Mirth of us requir'd:
"Come, ſing us one of *Sion*'s Songs.

4 How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing?
Or touch our Harps with skilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King
Be ſung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The ſpeaking String with Art to move!

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal Silence ſeiſe my Tongue;
Or if I ſing one chearful Ayre,
'Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.

Remember, Lord, how *Edom*'s Race,
In thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, " Her ſtately Walls deface,
" And with the Ground quite level lay.
8 Proud *Babel*'s Daughter, doom'd to be
Of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey;
Bleſs'd is the Man who ſhall to thee,
The Wrongs thou laid'ſt on us, repay.
9 Thrice bleſs'd, who with juſt Rage poſſeſt,
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall ſnatch the Infants from the Breaſt,
And daſh their Heads againſt the Stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 WIth my whole Heart, my God and King
thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy will ſing,
and bleſs thy holy Name.
2 I'll worſhip at thy Sacred Seat;
and with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.
3 Thou graciouſly inclind'ſt thine Ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my Soul was preſs'd with Fear,
did'ſt inward Strength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praiſe purſue,
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince
that all thy Works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confeſs.
6 For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the Poor reſpect;
The Proud far off, in Scorn his Eye
beholds with juſt Neglect.
7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppreſs'd,
he ſhall my Foes diſarm;

Re-

Relieve my Soul when moſt diſtreſs'd,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.
8 The Lord, whoſe Mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy State;
And mindful of his Favours paſt,
ſhall his own Work compleat.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1, 2 THou Lord, by ſtricteſt Search has known
My riſing up, and lying down;
My ſecret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My publick Haunts and private Ways;
4 Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.
5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand,
On every Side I find thy Hand.
6 O! Skill, for Human Reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!
7 O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun?
Or whither from thy Preſence run?
8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt, enthron'd in Light;
Or down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
9 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
10 Thy ſwifter Hand wou'd firſt arrive
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.
11 Or ſhou'd I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night;
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.
12 The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thro' Midnight-Shades thou find'ſt the way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

13 Thou

13 Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins and ev'ry vital Part,
Each ſingle Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14 I'll praiſe thee, from whoſe Hand I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.
15 Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay,
In ſecret, how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark Encloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embryo ſee,
Its Parts were regiſter'd by thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince the Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore:
Each Morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' Account but new begun.
19 The Wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God,
Depart from me ye Men of Blood;
20 Whoſe Tongues Heav'ns Majeſty profane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I the impious Crew,
Who thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Laws tranſgreſs?
22 Who practiſe Enmity to thee,
Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me:
Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my Foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart.
If Miſchief lurks in any Part;

Correct

Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM CXXL.

1 PPreserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes
of treacherous Intent;
2 And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Mischief bent.
3 Their sland'ring Tongue, the Serpent's Sting
in Sharpness does exceed:
Between their Lips the Gall of Asps,
and Adders Venom breed.
4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin sworn.
5 The Proud for me have laid the Snare,
and spread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins where e'er I move,
I find my Steps beset.
6 But thus inviron'd with Distress,
thou art my God, I said;
Lord hear my supplicating Voice
that calls to thee for Aid.
7 O Lord, the God, whose saving Strength
kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
in Battel's doubtful Day;
8 Permit not their unjust Designs
to answer their Desire;
Lest they, encourag'd by Success,
to bolder Crimes aspire.
9 Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects
of their Injustice mourn;
The Blast of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themselves return.
10 Let them, who kindled first the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely Tomb.

11 Tho'

11 Tho' Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell,
that bears themſelves away.
12 God will aſſert the poor Man's Cauſe,
and ſpeedy Succour give:
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
and in his Preſence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend,
O haſte to my Relief:
And with accuſtom'd Pity hear
the Accents of my Grief.
2 Inſtead of Off'ring, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incenſe riſe;
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place
of Evening Sacrifice.
3 From haſty Language curb my Tongue;
and let a conſtant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,
with wary Silence barr'd.
4 From wicked Mens Deſigns and Deeds
my Heart and Hand reſtrain;
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare
of their unrighteous Gain.
5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I ſhall think 'em kind;
Like Balm, that heals a wounded Head,
I their Reproof ſhall find.
And in return, my fervent Pray'r
I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to ſore Diſtreſs.
6 When ſculking in *Engedi*'s Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I ſpoke,
when I had Power to kill.
7 Yet as they perſecute to Death,
our ſcattered Ruins lie;

As

As thick as from the Hewer's Ax,
the ſever'd Splinters flie.
8 But Lord, to thee I ſtill direct
my ſupplicating Eyes;
O leave not deſtitute my Soul,
whoſe Truſt on thee relies!
9 Do thou preſerve me from the Snares
that wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Eſcape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful Voice
in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd;
2 Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
my Wrongs before him laid.
3 Thou didſt my Steps direct,
when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.
4 I look'd, but found no Friend
to own me in Diſtreſs;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd
his Pity or Redreſs.
5 To God at laſt I pray'd,
thou Lord, my Refuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
till Life itſelf depart.
6 Reduc'd to greateſt Straits,
to thee I make my Moan,
O! ſave me from oppreſſing Foes
for me too pow'rful grown.
7 That I may praiſe thy Name,
my Soul from Priſon bring;
Whilſt of thy kind Regard to me,
aſſembl'd Saints ſhall ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
thy wonted Audience lend;

In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Anſwer ſend.
2 Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring
thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man
can e'er be juſtify'd.
3 The ſpiteful Foe purſues my Life,
whoſe Com orts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Manſions of the Dead.
4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and ſinks within my Breaſt;
My mournful Heart grows deſolate,
With heavy Woes oppreſt.
5 I call to Mind the Days of Old;
and Wonders thou has wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes
employ my muſing Thought.
6 To thee my Hands, in humble Prayer,
I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts,
like Land oppreſt with Drought.
7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirits fail;
thy Face no longer hide,
Leſt I become forlorn, like them,
that in the Grave reſide.
8 Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhall go:
my Soul to thee aſcends.
9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes,
preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage,
my Soul implores from thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
inſtruct me to obey,
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.

11 O, for the ſake of thy great Name,
revive my drooping Heart:
For thy Truth's ſake to me diſtreſs'd,
thy promis'd Aid impart.
12 In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my Foes to Shame;
Slay them that perſecute a Soul
devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bleſt be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford,
To weild my Arms with warlike Art.
2 His Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r,
My ſtrong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.
3 Lord, what is Man that thou ſhouldſt love
Of him ſuch tender Care to take?
What in his Off-ſpring could thee move
Such great Account of him to make?
4 The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are, and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.
5 In ſolemn State, O God, deſcend,
Whilſt Heav'n its lofty Head declines;
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend,
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6 Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightnings round,
And make thy ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
And their Deſtruction ſoon compleat.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundleſs Pow'r, my Foes to quell;
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my Foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain; Who

Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
9 So I to thee, O King of Kings,
In new made Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe,
And Inſtruments of various Strings
Shall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe.
10 " God does to Kings his Aid afford,
" To them his ſure Salvation ſends;
" 'Tis he that from the murd'ring Sword,
" His Servant *David* ſtill defends.
11 Fight thou againſt thy foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow,
Well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome Royal Court to grace.
13 Our Garners, fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed;
Our Sheep increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14 Strong ſhall our lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their conſtant Labours faint;
Whilſt we no War, nor Slav'ry know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that People's Caſe,
Whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound,
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I will bleſs, my God my King,
thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bleſs thy Name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art Great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.

4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
ſucceſſively deſcends.
5, 6 Whilſt I thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works expreſs,
The World with me thy Might ſhall own,
and thy great Pow'r confeſs.
7 The Praiſe that to thy Love belongs,
they ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
ſhall be the conſtant Theme.
8 The Lord is good; freſh Acts of Grace
his Pity ſtill ſupplies;
His Anger moves with ſloweſt pace,
his willing Mercy flies.
9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
to all thy Works expreſt;
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe, whilſt thy great Name
is by thy Servants bleſt.
11 They, with a glorious Proſpect fir'd,
ſhall of thy Kingdom ſpeak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.
12 God's glorious Works of ancient date,
ſhall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
with publick Splendour ſhown.
13 His ſtedfaſt Throne, from Changes free,
ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
His boundleſs Sway no End ſhall ſee,
but Time it ſelf outlaſt.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them ſupport that fall,
and makes the Proſtrate riſe:
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food ſupplies.
16 Whate'er their various Wants require,
with open hand he gives;

And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
of every thing that lives.
17, 18 How holy is the Lord! how juſt!
how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt
for his Aſſiſtance prays!
19 He grants the full Deſires of thoſe
who him with fear adore;
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,
When they his Aid implore.
20 The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care,
whom grateful Love employs:
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage deſtroys.
21 My time to come, in Praiſes ſpent
ſhall ſtill advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Conſent
for ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
for ever bleſs his Name:
His wond'rous Love, whilſt Life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.
3 On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.
4 Depriv'd of Breath, to Duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie;
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns
together with them die.
5 Then happy he, who *Jacob*'s God
for his Protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-pleas'd Hope, the Lord
his conſtant Refuge makes.
6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
nor make his Promiſe vain.

7 The Poor oppreſt, from all their Wrongs,
are eas'd, by his Decree;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and ſets the Pris'ners free.
8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,
the Weak and Fall'n he rears:
With kind Regard and tender Love
he for the Righteous cares.
9 The Strangers he preſerves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.
10 The God that does in *Sion* dwell,
is our Eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures;
let All his Praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame;
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.
2 His Holy City God will build,
tho' levell'd with the Ground;
Bring back his People, tho' diſpers'd
thro' all the Nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds does cloſe;
He tells the Number of the Stars,
their ſev'ral Names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wiſdom has no Bound;
The Meek he raiſes, but throws down
the Wicked to the Ground.
7 To God the Lord a Hymn of Praiſe
with grateful Voices ſing;
To Songs of triumph tune the Harp,
and ſtrike each warbling String.
8 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreſhing Rain beſtows;

Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Graſs
with wond'rous Plenty grows.
9 He ſavage Beaſts, that looſely range,
with timely Food ſupplies;
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and ſtops their hungry Cries.
10 He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength diſdain;
The nimble Foot that ſwiftly runs,
no prize from him can gain.
11 But he, to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs Grace
with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.
12, 13 Let *Sion* and *Jeruſalem* then,
to God their Praiſe addreſs,
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſy Bars,
and does their Children bleſs.
14, 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,
with fineſt Wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the Word, and what he wills,
is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wooll,
deſcends at his Command;
And hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.
17 When joyn'd to theſe, he does his Hail
in little Morſels break,
Who can againſt the piercing Cold
ſecure Defences make.
18 He ſends his Word, which melts the Ice;
he makes his Winds to blow,
And ſoon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.
19 By him his Statutes and Decrees
to *Jacob*'s Sons were ſhown;
And ſtill to *Iſrael*'s choſen Seed
his Righteous Laws are known.

20 No

20 No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did he e'er afford
To heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word.
Alleluia.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praiſe your Song employ
Above the ſtarry Frame;
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

3, 4 Thou Moon that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay:
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heavens above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from Nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt,
From Changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh that through the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring Scales:
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10 By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Conſort joyn'd)
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd:
And every Beaſt,
And Creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Fame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim;
In this Deſign
Let Youth, with Maids,
And hoary Heads,
With Children join.

13 United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey:
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends.

14 His choſen Saints to Grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours *Iſr'el*'s Race
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful Voice,
And ſtill rejoyce
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2 O Praiſe ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing;
In our Great Creator
let *Iſr'el* rejoyce,

And

And the Children of *Sion*
be glad in their King.
3, 4 Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes pleaſure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the Humble to bleſs.
5, 6 With Glory adorn'd,
his People ſhall ſing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does ſhield;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praiſes
of him their Great King,
Whilſt a two-edged Sword
their Right-hand ſhall weild,
7, 8 Juſt Vengeance to take
for Injuries paſt;
To puniſh thoſe Lands
for Ruin deſign'd;
With Chains, as their Captives,
to tie their Kings faſt,
With Fetters of Iron
their Nobles to bind.
9 Thus ſhall they make good,
when them they deſtroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim,
Such Honour and Triumph
his Saints ſhall enjoy:
O therefore, for ever
exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

1 O Praiſe the Lord in that bleſt Place,
From whence his Goodneſs largely flows,
Praiſe him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd, in perfect Glory ſhows. 2 Praiſe

2 Praiſe him for all the mighty Acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His Kindneſs this Return exacts,
With which our Praiſe ſhould equal run.
3 Let the ſhrill Trumpets warlike Voice
Make Rocks and Hills his Praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with Harp's melodious Noiſe,
And gentle Pſaltry's ſilver Sound.
4 Let Virgin Troops ſoft Timbrels bring,
And ſome with graceful Motion dance;
Let Inſtruments of various Strings,
With Organs join'd, his Praiſe advance.
5 Let them who joyful Hymns compoſe,
To Cymbals ſet their Songs of Praiſe;
Cymbals of Common Uſe, and thoſe
That loudly ſound on Solemn Days.
6 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of Praiſe employ.
Let every Creature praiſe the Lord.

THE END.

23 JY 69

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Common Meaſure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory; As it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all Eternity.

As the 100 *Pſalm.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory; As it was of old,
is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſ. 37. *and laſt part of the* 113*th Pſalm-Tune.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heav'ns Triumphant Hoſt,
and Suffering Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory; As in Ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
when Time it ſelf muſt be no more.

As Pſalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, ever bleſt,
Eternal Three in One,
All Worſhip be addreſt,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As Pſalm 149.

By Angels in Heav'n
of ev'ry Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
All Praiſe be addreſt
To God in Three Perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
and always ſhall be.

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Directions about the Tunes and Measures.

ALL Psalms of this Version in the *Common* Measure of Eights and Sixes, (that is, where the first and third Lines of the single Stanza consist of eight Syllables each, the second and fourth Lines of six Syllables each) may be sung to any of the most usual Tunes; *viz.* *York*-Tune, *Windsor*-Tune, St. *David's*, *Litchfield*, *Canterbury*, *Martyrs*, *Southwell*, St. *Mary's*, alias *Hackney*-Tune, *&c.*

As the Old 25 Psalm, may be sung the New 25, 31, 67, 130.

As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 110, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 136, 148.

As the Old 104, the 149.

The Psalms in this Version of four Lines in a single Stanza, and eight Syllables in each Line (if Psalms of Praise or Chearfulness,) may properly be sung as the Old 100 psalm, or to the Tune of the Old 125 Psalm, Second Metre.

The Penitential, or Mournful Psalms in the same Measure, may be sung as the Old 51 Psalm. Which Tunes, with all the forementionʼd, are Printed in the *Supplement* to this New Version, as is specified in the following

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FINIS.